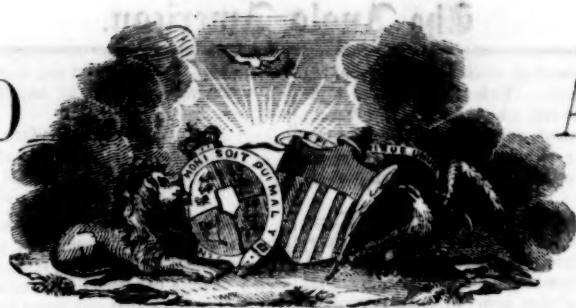


A. D. PATERSON,  
EDITOR.



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## THE ORIGIN OF POETRY.

FROM BERANGER.  
TO CORINNA.

For thee, Corinna, I will strike a chord  
Loftier than wont, of rebel angels driven,  
Their proud brows scathed by the Almighty word,  
And hurled, precipitous, from bliss and heaven.  
A fair but frail one of that ruin'd band,  
Kept for his woes a solace, for he bore  
His lyre of tone celestial in his hand—  
Guard me, thou blue-eyed angel, evermore!

With laugh and scorn hell's frightful echo rings—  
Disgusted with its haughty, guilty band,  
Aloof that angel wept, and swept the strings  
Of his sweet lyre with penitential hand.  
The mourner Mercy saw with eyes empearl'd,  
And lifted him to earth, bade him outpour—  
Spirit of song—his notes to charm the world—  
Guard me, O blue-eyed angel, evermore!

He came with pinion quivering from the skies,  
As the bird's wetted by the wintry blast;  
Sudden earth heard new sounds and symphonies,  
And wondering nations hailed him as he past:  
Celestial then grew worship's harmony,  
Heaven's host permitted, listen, and adore,  
While genius did earth's altars purify—  
O guard me, blue-eyed angel, evermore!

In vain hell clamours, while its envious cries  
Pursue that spirit from its empire flown,  
Untutored man on earth to civilize,  
And point the tyrant on his purple throne.  
To men a charm divine his voice supplies;  
From pole to pole wakes love, unknown before,  
While God counts all the human tears he dries—  
Protect me, blue-eyed angel, evermore!

Where now that spirit,—where its halo's shine?  
Hath heaven recall'd him from the realms below?  
Still thou, Corinna, with his notes divine,  
Like that lost spirit, heaven's own lyre canst show,—  
Thy spring with deathless flowers shall still be bright;  
Thy beauty bloom like that on heaven's own shore;  
Expand thy wings for a far distant flight—  
But guard me, blue-eyed angel, evermore.

## THE FORSAKEN.

"And he thy loved, thy chosen one,  
Why comes he not to weep?"

BEAUTIFUL Italy, farewell! I am about to quit thee, perhaps for ever; and oh! with what different feelings I depart to those which I experienced when I first beheld thy shores! Then there was an eye that gazed with me on all thy loveliness, and beamed more brightly as it gazed. That eye is closed in death! The object of my pilgrimage has failed. Not even thy warm sun and purple skies could restore health and strength to the poor blighted flower for whose sake I left my native land. Six months have passed since we laid her in her grave, and yet how fresh is still the memory of that day! From the earliest dawn until its melancholy close, not a cloud appeared to mar the purity of heaven, and the face of nature seemed clothed in its most radiant smiles, as though she did rejoice o'er the closing of that grave where the young, the beautiful, the innocent, had found a resting-place for ever. So should I, too—thy friend—rejoice poor broken-hearted victim. Thou hast left a world of misery for a haven of peace in the bosom of thy God! Thou art no more! I cannot wound thy gentle spirit by tracing, with a sorrowing hand, this sad memorial of thy wrongs.

It was towards the close of the year 1835 that Ada Montagua became an inmate of my house. Her mother had been the companion of my infancy, and the chosen friend of my riper years; and to my tender care did she on her bed of death confide her beloved and only child. Widowed and childless, it was with joy that I received into the bosom of my family one of the loveliest of created beings: I speak not with the partiality of an adoring friend. Let those who knew her in bright day of happiness, ere the withering blight of sorrow fell on her young heart,—let them answer for me. Yes; she was as beautiful as the foris which haunt the poet's dream; and the mind which dwelt within this temple, was it not the fitting inmate of such a shrine?

Ada Montagu, at the period of her mother's death, was scarcely seventeen. It was an awful scene the parting of that mother and her daughter. Never can I forget the almost frantic agony of the latter as she knelt beside the bed of death, her mother's hand convulsively pressed within her own.

"Listen to me, Ada, my beloved!" said Mrs. Montagu. "It were useless,—nay, cruel, to conceal the truth from you, my precious one. In a few short hours you will be motherless!"

"Mamma, mamma, oh! do not talk so, my heart is breaking!" she exclaimed, wildly. "In mercy do not repeat those dreadful words!" She gasped for breath, for a moment she seemed about to faint, but, with a violent effort, she restrained her feelings, and a flood of tears coming to her relief, she was soon enabled to listen to the last injunctions of her dying parent. But why should I

linger over the melancholy scene that followed? Enough that in a few hours death had for ever closed the eyes of my lamented friend; and I had borne her orphan and still senseless daughter to my own home, judging it better that she should be removed as soon as possible from the scene of desolation. It was some time ere my poor Ada recovered from the shock she had sustained from her loss; but she was in the first bloom of youth, and the natural gaiety of her disposition prevailed at length over her passionate grief, and I had the happiness of once more seeing her participate in the amusement so natural to her age.

And it was now that I discovered the value of the treasure of which I had so awfully become the possessor; gentle and docile as a young fawn, with a spirit blithe and joyous in no common degree. She was, indeed, a winning creature, and exercised a singular influence over all with whom she was intimately acquainted.

To her ardent fancy the whole world seemed one vast garden, filled with the loveliest and choicest flowers. In vain I pointed out the thorns that might assail and wound her in her path. She would not heed me. I could have wept as I looked on that glowing countenance; for well I knew from sad experience that the time must come when her bright illusions would be dispelled, and she must see the world despoiled of all the charm which they had cast around it,—I dreaded the effect that disappointment would have on her young heart if the veil should be suddenly rent asunder by the overthrow of her long-cherished hopes: but it was useless to reason with her; I could not even succeed in raising a doubt in her mind as to infallibility of her own creed.

One evening in particular I remember we had been having a long conversation on the subject, when, turning suddenly to me, she exclaimed "Well, even if it be so, dear Mrs. Middleton, if I must one of these days in my own person prove the truth of your assertions, I shall, at all events, have enjoyed much happiness in imagination. My illusions, if they be illusions," she added, laughing, "you must confess are more pleasant than the picture you draw of life, therefore I shall continue to dream on till absolutely forced to awaken." Saying which she bounded from the room to prepare for a large ball to which we were that evening invited. At my age the toilette is not an affair of much consequence, and I had been some time in the drawing-room when Ada again made her appearance. I thought I had never seen a lovelier face and form as she walked up to me and smilingly asked "Do you not think I shall break many hearts to-night?"

"Your dress is very pretty," I answered.

"I know that, but what do you think of the wearer?" she returned.

"My opinion is of no consequence, you giddy child; for you have already taken Counsel's advice, and will no doubt abide by the decision of your looking-glass. Shall we go?"

"I am quite ready," she replied; and in less than ten minutes, we entered the crowded hall of fashion, mirth, and revelry.

There were lovely faces and graceful forms among the brilliant throng, but I felt that none could surpass the bright creature leaning on my arm; and, as I marked the admiring glances which followed her as we traversed the apartment my heart beat with as much pride and satisfaction as if she had been indeed my daughter.

I need not say how eagerly her hand was sought for the ensuing dances.—The palm of beauty was accorded to her without a dissentient voice; but there was one on whom that beauty seemed to have made no slight impression.

At almost every ball of this season I had remarked a young man of singularly striking and prepossessing appearance, who, however, seemed to feel little or no interest in the gaiety around him, rarely, if ever, joining in the dance. His manner excited my curiosity; and I must confess that I not unfrequently found myself dividing my attention between my own fair charge and the haughty, though to me interesting, Mr. Herbert. I soon perceived that notwithstanding his apparent indifference to all around him, that his eye was constantly fixed on the graceful figure of my adopted child, but hitherto he had never endeavoured to obtain an introduction or in any way to court her notice; judge, therefore, of my astonishment when on this evening I saw my gentle Ada leaning on his arm, and evidently about to take her place in the quadrille which was forming.

With a sensation of anxiety for which I could in no way account, I rose from my seat and approached as near as possible to the place where they were standing in order to obtain a better view of the couple in whom I was so much interested. Never before had I seen the face of Ada beaming with such radiant smiles; and Mr. Herbert, where had the look of cold sarcasm vanished? In every feature of that noble countenance, content and animation seemed to reign. He was evidently exerting himself to the utmost to please; and, as I gazed on the commanding form and the manly beauty of his face, I involuntarily murmured to myself, "And it will not be in vain!"

The dance being ended, my surprise was still further increased when immediately leading his fair partner to a seat, Mr. Herbert bowed and retired. A few moments served to solve the mystery. He had evidently been in quest of our hospitable hostess; for they both advanced towards Ada and myself (I had joined her), and Mrs. Elton exclaimed

"For my guest's sake as well as my own, my dear Mrs. Middleton, I am delighted to find you still here; particularly," she added, "as I have an act of kindness to perform. My friend, Mr. Herbert, is most anxious to be admitted to the honour of your acquaintance. Will you allow me to present him to you and also to Miss Montagu?"

In the softest accents Mr. Herbert assured me of the satisfaction he experienced at the introduction which had just taken place; but he added, "Must our acquaintance end here, or may I be permitted to call and inquire after your health to-morrow?" There was no resisting the smile which accompanied these words; and Mrs. Elton pleading that he "might be indulged," I could only assure him of a hearty welcome in Grosvenor Street.



From that evening Mr. Herbert became a constant visitor at my house, and our attendant at all the ensuing fêtes of the season. With talents of the highest order, and possessed of conversational powers which I have rarely seen equalled, excelling in almost every accomplishment, can it be wondered at that the heart of my young friend became deeply interested in him? He, the fastidious Arthur Herbert, the courted and caressed, bowed in worship at her shrine.

A little while, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." There was more of thought on that open brow, and though happiness beamed in every glance, yet was the merry laugh less frequent. A spell, a mighty spell, hath bound her,—ay, love, deep devoted love now reigned supreme in that gentle bosom. As I had anticipated, the feelings of that heart once awakened, no opiate, save the waters of Lethe's fabled stream, could ever after lull them to repose. Strange, strange fatality! It was not until I had become too well assured of the intensity of that girl's love that I learned to regard with mistrust and suspicion the being whose fatal intercourse was destined to have so bitter an influence on her future life.

I knew not what I dreaded. The manner of Mr. Herbert was tender and devoted. In public, as in private, he was ever by her side; but from all I learn, he had never breathed a word even to Ada as to the probability of their future union, and yet the time of his departure for the Continent was fixed for the ensuing week.

Could it be possible, that one who seemed so generous and so noble had basely trifled with the affections of a trusting girl, with no ulterior motive but the gratification of his vanity? I tried to repel these thoughts, so disparaging to his honour; but more than once of late I had heard the name of Arthur Herbert coupled with the degrading epithet of male coquet. And Ada heard it too; but the look of scorn she cast upon the speaker shewed in what light the information was received by her. As the time for Mr. Herbert's departure drew near, Ada became restless in the extreme. I could see the struggle which was taking place within; the wish to appear calm when the breast was torn with contending emotions. She could not doubt him to whom she had given her heart and soul; yet was it possible he could meditate leaving her for months without demanding and receiving from her the assurance of her faith?

Yet it was so. The farewell word was spoken, and the man of the world went forth to mingle in the pleasures and dissipation of the gayest metropolis, without one thought of the breaking heart he left behind, without one pang for the ruin and desolation he had caused.

I turned to her whose happiness I knew was wrecked for ever. There she stood, in the attitude of one suddenly deprived of sense and motion. I approached her, the burning tears rolling over my cheeks; I tried to speak, but I could only pronounce her name. It was enough; she looked fixedly at me for a moment, as if she would read my inmost thoughts; then throwing herself into my arms, she cried, "He will return." Oh, how I wept for her, and blamed myself! Was it thus I had performed a mother's duty? Young, inexperienced, she had fallen heedlessly into the snare. But I,—should not I have discovered beneath the dazzling qualities of our guest the heartless worldling, the cold votary of fashion? Regret was useless now; the past could never be recalled. I had nothing left but to endeavour by caresses to sooth the wounded feelings of the fragile being who clung to me for support, and to endeavour, if possible, to warn her from the precipice on which she stood. It was a dreadful task; but I deserved that it should fall on me, for my culpable negligence.

When the first burst of grief had somewhat subsided, I drew her to me, and, as gently as I could, I entered on my painful duty.

"Ada," I said, "you love Arthur Herbert. Nay, do not speak, my child; I do not blame you. I could not have expected more judgment from you than I have shewn. But, oh! for your own sake, listen to me. You have given your heart to one who is utterly unworthy of you. Will you not endeavor to forget him, now that you know all his worthlessness—his perfidy? He has proved himself a villain, without one spark of honour, without one noble feeling."

As I spoke, she disengaged herself from my arms, and standing proudly erect before me, she exclaimed, "Not one word more, Mrs. Middleton! Is it to me, whom he has honoured with his love, that you speak in such a strain? His worthlessness—his perfidy! Where is your proof of either? Or do you think I am one of those mean pitiful spirits who will desert a friend or cast him from my heart, because the envenomed tongue of scandal has dared to tamper with his name? Give me proof that he is the villain that you term him: prove all that you have advanced against his honour, or be assured that his fame will remain as unsullied in my eyes as it does at this moment. I do love Arthur Herbert," and her voice faltered as she continued. "I have given him a whole and undivided heart; it is so filled with his image, that no other passion can harbour there. There is no room for doubt."

"Ada," I cried, "God grant I may be deceived. You are angry with me now, dearest; but in your calmer moments you will do more justice to your friend."

"Forgive me, my best and kindest friend,—forgive my petulance," she cried, throwing herself at my feet; "but indeed you know not what you do, when you bid me doubt his faith. I have worshipped him as the incarnation of all that is great and noble. It was the lofty mind, the generous heart, the noble sentiments of Arthur Herbert that gained my love. Take from me my belief in the existence of these qualities, and I lose my confidence in all that is pure and holy. Oh think, think well, ere you root up all the flowers, and leave my heart a barren wilderness."

It was the most painful hour of my life; but I resolved to perform my duty. I raised her from the ground, and, pressing her to my bosom, entreated her to listen to me calmly, and in silence; and then I told her all my suspicions. I recalled to her memory the manner in which more than once Mr. Herbert had been alluded to in our presence. His male acquaintances spoke of him as one to whom a woman's heart was a mere toy,—a thing which he might gain at will, and cast aside when weary of the bauble. I demanded what proof she had that Mr. Herbert possessed any of the high qualities with which her partial affection had endowed him. True, he had ever appeared devoted to her, hung on her every word and smile; but what had been the result of all? He had left her for months, perhaps for ever, without being bound to her by any promise, by any tie. Was this, I asked, the conduct of an honourable man?

She heard me without interruption; but when I ceased to speak, she took my hand in hers, and, looking imploring in my face, she said, "Let us drop this subject now, and for ever, I entreat you. Time will prove all things."

"Be it so," I said; "and may He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb watch over thee, my beloved child!" Agreeably to our compact, from this day the name of Arthur Herbert seemed to be a forgotten sound. Weeks passed by, and, to all outward appearance, Ada Montagu was unchanged. The careless observer still spoke of her as one of that bright creation to whom sorrow is

unknown. To the world she was all she had ever been; they knew not that the worm was gnawing at her heart. The bright cheek grew paler day by day:—

"Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife;  
And the unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if the lid were charged with unshed tears."

But they saw none of this; the increasing pallor was ascribed to late hours and the effects of an unusually gay season. Change of air and quiet were recommended as the surest means of renovating the faded roses. I took the hint; change of scene I felt might soothe her wounded feelings, but I knew her too well to hope that any thing but time could dispel the grief which lay heavy at her heart.

In the course of a few days I and my beloved charge were quietly domesticated in a beautiful cottage I had engaged for the ensuing summer months. Ada had always expressed a great desire to visit the Lakes; I, therefore, chose our house on the banks of the beautiful and far-famed Windermere.

Time passed on, but to one lonely heart it brought no healing on its wings. Where was Mr. Herbert? Engaged in the vortex of dissipation, did he even remember the existence of her whose shadow he had been but a few months since? As months passed by without bringing any tidings of him, I could see that conviction of his falsehood was gradually stealing into the mind of my poor child. She hitherto, so gentle, now became restless and even irritable, and a certain bitterness of feeling pervaded all she said. Far better had she not endeavoured to smother in her own breast the grief that preyed upon her; had she allowed it to take its natural course, indulged in the luxury of tears, I might not now have had to weep for her; but, no! every feeling was repressed. She knew her own purity, but she also knew that blighted hopes and crushed affections were a theme for the sarcasm of a heartless world. None should witness her sufferings, she scorned to be an object of compassion, but the mental struggle was too much for that delicate frame; she wasted day by day, and I became so alarmed at length that I resolved to leave England and to bear her with me to the sunny land of Italy. I did not mention my determination to her; but, as I should naturally have some business to transact before quitting my own country, I proposed (the autumn being now far advanced) to return to Grosvenor Street.

I was delighted, though much surprised, to find how much more cheerful and happy she appeared now that we had returned to our old home. I forgot how much there was in association. In the country there was nothing in common with him she loved; here, on the contrary, every thing spoke to her heart, and recalled to her imagination the dream she had so fondly cherished. In a short time he would return; she would again be with him; he would explain away the past; hope was again kindling at her heart; alas! a few short hours, and the airy fabric she had raised was dashed for ever to the earth!

The events of that fatal night are too deeply engraven on my heart ever to be obliterated. The evening being chilly, we had closed the shutters, a bright fire was burning on the hearth, I was lying on the sofa, when Ada came to my side,—

"We have been so busy to-day that you have forgotten your paper. See, it has not even been unfolded! Shall I read to you?"

"Do, my child," I replied, "I shall be much obliged to you." She seated herself on a low ottoman at my feet, and commenced reading. She had continued some time, when believing me to have fallen asleep, she ceased. Fearing the exertion of reading aloud might fatigue her, I would not undeceive her, but remained with my eyes closed. For a few seconds I heard the rustling of the leaves, but suddenly she appeared to find what she had been seeking; and, in an under tone, she proceeded to read the births, deaths, and marriages. Having concluded, she was about to lay down the paper, when her eye fell on some paragraph which appeared to rivet her attention. A marriage in high life! and evidently unconscious of the bitterness in store for her, she commenced reading:—

"In Paris, on Thursday last, at the chapel of the British embassy, Arthur, eldest son of Henry Herbert, Esq., to Mary Anne, only child of the late John Markham, Esq., of Ilerton Hall, Yorkshire, and Markham Lodge in the county of Kent."

Slowly and distinctly she pronounced these words; a deep silence followed; for a moment I did not even hear her breathe, then a groan of mortal agony burst from her heart; I rushed to her, every trace of colour had fled from her death-like cheek, her eye continued to range over the hateful paragraph, but the gaze was that of idiotcy. I shuddered as I looked upon her, so rigid, so statue-like was her whole appearance. Oh, how I longed to wake her from that trance! but I dared not speak; I dreaded lest the awful suspicions which had flashed across my brain should be verified. What! if reason had for ever left her throne! What! if I should be answered by the ravings of a maniac! Oh, God! the horror of that moment: yet I must speak, suspense were even worse than the dread reality. I took her hand. "Ada," I said, "what has happened? Speak to me, dearest, one word,—in mercy, speak." She did not even seem to be aware of my presence. In the desperation of the moment, I thought an allusion to his name might have the desired effect, and recall her wandering senses.

"What is the matter, love? has any thing happened to Arthur?" I asked, my voice trembling with agitation.

She started wildly from her seat, exclaiming,—  
"Danger to whom?—Is he here? Oh, no, I had forgotten," she continued pressing her hand across her brow, and again sinking into her seat,—  
"I had forgot, it is his wedding-day; and, do you know, we have not wished him joy;" and she strove to smile, but the ghastliness of that smile will haunt me to my dying day.

"Why do you look so strangely at me?" she continued. "I am quite well. See, there is nothing the matter with me." She tottered a few steps across the room, and then fell senseless into my arms.

For three weeks after this fatal event I watched, as I thought, beside her bed of death. Oh, it was fearful in the still hour of night to listen to the ravings of delirium—to hear her voice calling wildly on him she loved to rescue her some imaginary peril; then she would entreat him not to leave her,—  
"Oh, do not let her take you from me," she cried; "why should she wish to separate us?"

At length the fever, exhausted by its own violence, ceased; but the awful state of weakness in which it left her for a time precluded all hopes of her ultimate recovery, but Heaven had willed it otherwise. Her hour had not yet come, though the envenomed dart by which her young heart was pierced still lay rankling and festering at its core.

Ere another month had passed we were on our road to Italy, travelling by slow and easy stages. Oh, how I counted on its pure air and the sunny brightness of its clime to restore once more to health the beloved being whose enfee-



led form now rested on my bosom ! At length the goal was won, and my poor patient seemed to have suffered less from the effects of our journey than I could reasonably have anticipated.

For the first few weeks after our arrival my most sanguine hopes seemed about to be realised. It was no dream ; she was better, much, much better. Again a blush, like the faint tint of the white rose leaf, began to mantle on her cheeks. Alas ! the favourable change was of short duration. Oh, how I watched for every symptom of returning health,—how ardently I prayed that the only object which years of sorrow had left me now to love and cherish, the only being bound to me by the tie of affection, might not be wrested from me. Could it be possible that I, the withered trunk over whose devoted head the storms of winter had so fiercely raged, was destined to witness the decay of that young plant, to see it blasted and laid low ?

There was too much of misery in the thought,—so young so beautiful, we could not spare her yet. And thus I wantonly deceived myself : but it was not so with Ada, though at the time I knew it not,—she had long been aware of her approaching dissolution.

She had no dread of death ; Life had lost all its charms. The bright illusions of her ardent youth had faded one by one ; and, as she herself observed, a few short hours before she sank into her last long sleep,—

“Of what value is the casket when the priceless jewel it contained is lost for ever ? It is thus with me. Of what use now is this poor fragile body when the heart within is seared and dead ?

“You must not give way thus, dearest,” I replied. “I know you have suffered deeply, but I trust there is much of happiness yet in store for you. When you regain your strength, we will no longer remain stationary. There is so much to see, so much to learn, in this beautiful land.”

“I have looked my last on its bright sun,” she murmured, in a tone so low that I could scarcely hear the words. Then slightly raising her voice, she continued,—

“My more than mother, forgive me if I have aided in deceiving you ; I could not bear to witness your suffering, for well, I know, you will mourn for me as a mother for her child. I am getting very, very weak. Oh, before the power of speech be taken from me, let me acknowledge all my debt of gratitude.” She gasped for breath, and then resumed, “You, who have borne with me for these many weary months, watched over, tended me, with such untiring love, will not refuse to grant the last request your child will ever make. When I am dead, let all resentment against him—”

I could bear no more. Kneeling beside the sofa on which she lay, I strained her to my bosom, and sobbed convulsively. For a few moments we mingled our tears in silence, the hearts of both were wrung to bursting. At length Ada spoke again.

“I thought I had taught my heart to bear this parting, but grief will have its way.”

I started as her voice fell on my ear, so weak, so fearfully indistinct, had her words become. I gazed upon her face, there too, an awful change had taken place ; I could no longer doubt the truth of her assertion. The dread fiat had gone forth. Her God had summoned her. In a few days, perhaps a few hours, I should be called upon to yield her up to Him.

Slowly and with a breaking heart I rose from my knees ; but with a violent effort I subdued all further emotion, fearing lest the excitement she had already undergone would only accelerate the dreaded event. I rung for her maid to remain with her, while in the solitude of my own chamber I sought to relieve my oppressed heart by giving way to the anguish which consumed it.

One hour after, when I returned to take my accustomed place beside my suffering charge, I found her in a sweet calm slumber.

Oh, how beautiful she looked. I could not withdraw my eyes from that sweet face, so pure, so holy, was the expression which it wore. I felt awed as if in the presence of an angel ; as I bent over her, she opened her eyes and smiled upon me—one of her own bright smiles. Her whole countenance was irradiated by it ; she extended her arms towards me, and the single word “Mother” escaped her lips. I bent forward, her head fell upon my bosom. She raised her eyes to mine, and as she continued gazing on my face, two large drops rolled slowly down her cheeks. Then pressing her lips to mine, she imprinted on them one last long kiss. Without a groan—without a struggle—she passed into eternity. One low and gentle sigh was all that told the last frail link that bound her heart was broken.

I have no more tell. We laid her in a grave. A marble column marks her last resting-place, and these simple words alone are engraved thereon—

“The weary is at rest.”

It is enough. They tell her life's sad history.

For myself, again I go forth in the world an insolated being, widowed, childless, and alone.

“What are the worst of woes that wait on age ?

What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?

To see each loved one blotted from life's page,

And be alone on earth, as I am now.”

## THE DANCING DOCTOR—A HIGHLAND TALE

FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived in that beautiful and romantic Highland country which has produced so many poets and heroes, called *Strathspey*, a very respectable man of the name of Grant. He was of that rank or class which was the medium betwixt the chief and the common tenant, called a *tacksman*, possessed of ample means, and living in a style of respectable hospitality, according to the spirit of the times. He was married to a person selected from the same class in life as himself, a woman much beloved and respected for her general correct deportment and amiable qualities of mind. It so happened, however, that this lady, owing to a temporary derangement of health, became unfortunately the subject of a species of insanity or *monomania*. She laboured under a delusion so strong as to conceive herself to be a piece of *mechanism*, viz. a clock, or a time-piece, an idea probably suggested to her mind by the presence of some such article of furniture in her chamber. Under the influence of this delusion, this worthy woman was wont to sit coo astantly upon a seat, and, in despite of the entreaties of her grieving husband and family she, for nights and days, persisted in imitating the motions and sounds of that instrument. This she did by swinging herself from right to left in the manner of a pendulum, a motion in which her eyes and lips were made to cooact, emitting at the same time a sound produced by her tongue resembling the clicking of a clock ; and, when the hour was concluded, she indicated the number by striking her open hands together, keeping time to the action of the horologe.

After using every means with a view to direct the lady from her extraordinary avocation, she was kept in retirement from public observation, and allowed to indulge without restraint in her absurd fancies.

While the lady laboured under this mania, which, from the secrecy observed by her husband and domestics, was but little known to her neighbours or the public, it so happened that a sturdy Highlander, a servant of her husband, who was located in a remote *shealing* in a glen as a herdsman, came to the house to get a periodical supply of provisions for his subsistence. This man, Donald M'Alpin, was at the time totally unacquainted with the deplorable condition of his mistress, and the husband, his master, being absent at the time of his arrival, Donald, as he was wont, inquired for his mistress, with a view to get his usual supplies : and the domestics, either from design or accident, did not choose to enlighten him on the subject of her situation. Perhaps they were induced to conceal the circumstance from a curiosity as to the result of an interview betwixt her and Donald, who was himself a very eccentric character, and had often afforded a subject of great entertainment to his mistress, and others of the family, in more happy times. For the reader must understand that the said Donald M'Alpin was as grotesque in his dress as he was eccentric in his manners.

In his youth, Donald was deeply attached to the national amusements of his country,—that is, drinking *usquebaugh* and dancing a strathspey. In the first accomplishment he was deemed a proficient, it being generally allowed that he could swallow a glass of whisky with great grace and adroitness at one draught, and he was never known to complain of the depth of the *quoich* or of the strength of the beverage. But in the other accomplishment he was distinguished even in his best days more for his activity than for his gracefulness of figure.

But to return to our subject. Donald, after a sojourn of considerable duration in the mountains, was received by the family with the usual degree of welcome ; and knowing that he was a particular subject of merriment and the source of good-humour to his mistress while under ordinary circumstances, they, without preface or explanation, ushered him into her presence.

Donald M'Alpin, full of the respect due to his lady, pulled off his bonnet ; and, bowing his body into an angle of forty-five degrees, accosted her with the usual salutation. The apparition of Donald was so instantaneous and unexpected as to throw her off “her centre of gravitation.” The *pendulum* and the *click* were both for a time suspended, and a new idea struck the mind of the diseased lady. After a moment's reflection, in which his figure in the dance was vividly reflected on her imagination, she sprang to her feet, and after having locked the door and put the key into her pocket, to prevent the *ish*, or *entry*, of any of the inmates of the house into the room, she instantly challenged him to a competition of dancing.

Donald, after a day of hard travelling and fatigue, and without the aid of any refreshment, was in nowise disposed to engage in an undertaking which promised toil and no pleasure, but being, as aforesaid, quite unconscious of the situation of his mistress, he thought it his interest to comply with what he conceived to be an extraordinary caprice on the part of the lady, and after making what he conceived to be due apologies for the uncouthness and unfitness of his apparel, and many acknowledgements for the honour intended him, he agreed to do his best in a jig, on which the lady agreed to act the parts of both partner and musician by humming and whistling a tune known by the name of “The Grants' Rant.” Accordingly the ball commenced, and “the mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;” Donald, no doubt, expecting that there would be a speedy end to a scene of action which he considered far too violent to last long. But he was doomed to be mistaken, for the preternatural action of mental disease only served to produce increased energy on the part of the lady ; and poor Donald gasping for breath, and “with a drop at every pore,” found himself constrained by the hardship of his case, to beseech his partner for a short respite. But all his entreaties were made in vain : she was deaf to them as “Craig-Ellachie,” urging him at the same time to increased exertion by stirring words and even blows, which, however, Donald received with a smiling face but sorry heart.—Nature, however, could hold out only for a time, and Donald, at length, totally exhausted, slunk into a corner of the room, vowing by all the oaths known in his country at the time (and these were neither few nor far between), that he could not move a foot nor hand without a drink of *usquebaugh* ! The lady, solely intent on her own comfort and amusement, thought that Donald's prayer and petition, at least so far as regarded herself, was but reasonable, and going to a cupboard where there was a bottle of his favourite beverage, she consulted her own feelings for the time, and helped herself plentifully “by word of mouth” out of the bottle. But owing to a perversion of nature incident to her condition, she returned the bottle to the press, and locked it up from Donald's longing eyes, put the key in her pocket, and resorted to the most active measures for resuming the ball, protesting that until the dance was ended, he would get neither meat nor drink. In vain did poor Donald put forth the most piteous entreaties to be excused from making a toil of a pleasure, which he was totally incapable of renewing, either with comfort to himself or advantage to his partner. But, as might be expected, the effects of the liquor gave additional vigour to the lady's frame, and by sheer force, and by all manner of *bad usage*, she cooenced Donald to move his heels again in the best manner possible.—Fortunately, in one respect, for him, the master of the house at length arrived, and, looking in at the window, was not a little astonished to see the performance going on within, and having forced open the door, he expelled Donald from the lady's apartment with many stripes ; and, indeed, he was glad on any terms to depart from a scene which proved to him so trying and unsatisfactory. Even the lady, by this time, had found that her exertions were fully equal to her strength, and being consequently in a state of great lassitude, she consented to retire to bed, which she had not visited for several nights and days in anxiety to perform the duties of a time-piece with necessary accuracy and perseverance. A calm and deep sleep soon came over her frame, and she continued in a state of somnolency for many hours, at the end of which she arose from bed in perfect possession of her understanding. It is to be presumed that the active circulation of animal spirits consequent on her recent exertions, had dissipated the evil humours which occasioned the mental affection under which she had laboured. At any rate, the result was a most happy one, and great was the joy and rejoicing among the lady's circle of friends.

It was not to be expected that the agency by which the cure was accomplished should be overlooked. The lady herself could give no account of the mode or manner by which she became a party to the “spree” with Donald M'Alpin, being unconscious of any thing that happened while she was in the said state of mental alienation, and all witnesses being excluded from the scene, Donald himself was the only person who could speak to the subject, and being no fool, he found it his interest to affect and say that the dance was suggested and got up by him in consequence of a hint he had received from a fairy damsel who “wanned” in Glenavon (to whom no doubt, his amplitude of *guene* and elegant dancing had recommended him) with a view to cure his beloved mistress of her grievous ailments. Of course, he was well rewarded for his pains ; and the best of the whole was, that Donald M'Alpin was thenceforth installed the great doctor of the day. Patients of all descriptions came to him from all quarters, and he



found dancing more profitable, if not more agreeable, than in his younger days. And it was a well-known fact, that the class of patients who laboured under what is called *obstructed perspiration* and derangements of the circulation never failed to derive the greatest benefit from Donald's prescriptions.

## HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

### A TALE OF WRITER'S BUILDINGS.

We had drank deeply; Writers' Building re-echoed with our shouts of mirth; eleven o'clock sounded, yet not a word of parting had yet been pronounced. The *loll shrob* (claret) was excellent; the guests amusing; unlike orgies of a similar description in Europe, not an argument had arisen to dim the brilliant hilarity of the evening. A feeling of brotherhood exists amongst Englishmen in India, arising from the distance of their common home, that joins them in closer ties of friendship than those we enter into elsewhere, more particularly if you are "in the service." In our country a man may be in the army, navy, church, or law, and yet not feel that every one in his profession is, consequently, his intimate friend. In India, however, those who as I said before, are "in the service," consider themselves as members of a fraternity which binds them together by links of the strongest friendship. It is true, the civilian is apt to think himself a much greater man than the soldier; yet, as this feeling is principally displayed by opening his house, and entertaining his less rich fellow-labourers, the military man has little to grumble at, and consequently partakes of the sumptuous fare afforded him without murmur, as I did on the evening I have selected for this sketch.

Jack Thornton had lately arrived. He was the son of a director, and, perhaps, assumed a few airs and graces in consequence, which were willingly admitted; for in Bengal we look upon the lords of Leadenhall as sometimes exceeding the Emperor of Russia in power, in riches beyond Ceresus, and (I must in common gratitude add) in kindness unequalled by any other rulers in the world. To come back however to my story.

The conversation had turned upon ghosts. Some boldly admitted their belief in such appearances; others half-doubted: while the third, and most numerous portion of the company loudly ridiculed the idea as being impossible, offering to undergo all kinds of tests in order to prove their scepticism. At the head of this party was young Thornton.

"It is really too ridiculous to talk of such things in the nineteenth century," cried he. "Ghosts, indeed! I should like to see one."

"So should I," chimed in Gravestock; "nothing would give me so much pleasure."

"Here's a health to all ghosts and goblins!" laughingly shouted Tom Baghott, a young cavalry-officer, and the toast was drank with great merriment.

"As an amendment, I vote that we go and drink it in the church-yard," said Thornton; "they'll hear us better there."

"Really I fear my dear sir, you are going a little too far," said Mr. Martin, the clergyman of St. John's; "like yourself, I am no believer in such appearances as you describe; but I must confess that I am wholly opposed to such indecorous proceedings as those you propose. Invocations of the kind might, indeed, summon with anger the dead from their graves."

"Twaddle!" interrupted Gravestock.

"Egad! if they're to be had out of their very resting-places," said Thornton, "we'll have 'em. Here goes!" said he; and, assuming a very serious air and manner, in despite of the opposition of the clergyman, he pronounced in a solemn voice, "By all the powers of necromancy, past, present, and future, by every incantation, holy and unholy, by every adjuration, I hereby, if such a thing be possible, call upon the dead to appear!"

Baghott, who had left the room for a single instant, hearing this pompous conjuration, suddenly burst into the room with a loud "Bah!"

The effect was so sudden, so unexpected, that Thornton uttered a loud scream, and sprang from his chair. In an instant the general laugh recalled him to himself, when smarting under the quiz, which being unanimously kept up at his expense, he wisely refrained from resenting, he reseated himself, determined, however, not only to be quits with Master Tom on a future occasion, but also to redeem his character from the braggadocio hue which now slightly tinged it. After much laughing, after a hundred other topics had been in turn discussed, Thornton suddenly turned round, and abruptly adverted to the conversation, which had already caused himself so much pain:

"Gentlemen, I was taken by surprise just now; I was startled, I acknowledge, and overcome by sudden fear; but, as you have had your laugh at me, it is but fair, in my turn, I should have my revenge on some of you. I require but a slight one. A thousand rupees will compensate for the little affront that has been put upon me. Now, gents, who will bet me a thousand rupees that I do not go through any ordeal with respect to ghosts and goblins that may be assigned to me?"

"I will," replied the president; for he wished sincerely to make up for his apparent rudeness in having joined the laugh at Thornton's expense, even though he felt he should lose his money.

"Done!"

"Done!"

"Now, then, what am I to do?"

"It is nearly twelve o'clock. You shall go to the churchyard of St. John's, which is close by, and pick up a skull I saw lying there to-day, near old Halliday's tomb, and with a hammer and nail, which you can take with you, fasten the said skull to the wooden monument temporarily erected over the grave of poor Martin; come back, and finish the evening here.—I think I have let him off lightly," added the president in a whisper to his next neighbour.

"I only bargain for one thing, namely, that no practical jokes are played off on me. To insure this, promise me that no one stirs from this table till I return; I, on the other hand am willing, on my return, to pledge my honour that I have accomplished the task, or pay the bet. You must, however allow me two hours to perform it, as I must take the opportunity when the watch is off his beat."

These terms were agreed to, the required assurances given, and Thornton started off to his house to prepare himself for his undertaking, leaving the revellers to enjoy themselves till his return.

Once more at home, Thornton sent out a scout to see that the coast was clear; then changing his dress, and donning a large military cloak, he armed himself with a hammer and nail, and started off for St. John's churchyard. The night was one of those beautiful specimens of oriental climates, which in some degree compensate for the violent heat of the day. The heavens presented a sheet of the very darkest blue, thickly studded with stars. No moon was visible, but the lesser luminaries gave sufficient light to distinguish imperfectly objects in the immediate neighbourhood. A gentle breeze fanned the earth, slightly sighing as it passed through the ornamental buildings of the city.

Arrived at his destination, without meeting with a single living being, Thorn-

ton boldly entered the churchyard, steadily resolved to accomplish the feat that had been proposed to him. It is true he felt a slight fluttering around the region of the heart, for which he could not account; a continual desire to swallow his saliva, which, though generally admitted to be an indication of fear, or strong emotion, could scarcely be so in the present instance; for the youth never stepped more firmly than when he entered the place of Christian sepulture.

Without much difficulty he found the skull; but as he picked it up, he could not help thinking he heard some one pronounce his name. As he raised himself, a shadow appeared to flit by him. Could he be deceived by his senses? Could the dead thus rise to reproach him? Well he knew, after the pledge that he had received, that none of his companions could have followed him. The man he had sent as scout had too well examined the place to believe that any one could lurk there. Whence, then, the sound which he had heard, as it were close to his ear? Already he began to feel that he was wrong in thus desecrating by his presence the place of tombs. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not return and give up the bet. The money was no object; but the tauntings which would attend such a result he could not bear; so, in spite of everything, he determined to complete his task.

He now strode across the burial-ground. He suddenly felt a jerk. He started, and uttered a low ejaculation. He looked round; it was merely his cloak, that had caught the corner of a tombstone. He hastily snatched it away, and proceeded. Presently he felt a blow on his leg. For a moment he was startled. In the next he smiled, as he perceived it was only against a prostrate iron rail that he had hit it. On coming close to Martin's place of rest, he stepped on some new earth, and sank ankle-deep into it. It was the new grave of a friend, a fellow-passenger, who had been interred that morning. He felt shocked; yet determined on accomplishing his enterprise, he at length laid his hand on the wooden tablet, which till the marble one should be completed, covered the remains of poor Martin, his brother writer, his late chum.

As he knelt down beside the monument, which consisted of a flat piece of board, resting on the four brick walls, about eighteen inches from the ground, he felt more inclined to pray for the repose of his friend's soul, than thus to pollute the covering to his ashes by an unholy act. Again, however, the idea of the ridicule to which he would be exposed, shot across his mind, and he set about his task, being determined to do it as quietly as possible.

Having placed the skull upon the tablet he was pulling out his hammer from his pocket, when, in turning, his hat was suddenly knocked off. He rose, and with the boldness often inspired by fear, looked around him. No one was near. He had, most likely, struck it against something, and so caused it to fall off. In grouping around he grasped a human bone, which he threw away with a shudder. Again he felt about, and his hand touched a cold, slimy frog. Its icy, clammy chill reminded him of death, he determined to finish his labour before he again sought his hat; so down he knelt, and earnestly commenced his task. With extreme agitation he began to fasten the skull to the tomb. As the nail ground through the bone, he fancied some one or other twitched him from behind; but, determined that nothing should now deter him, he gave one more stroke, and the dead man's head was firmly affixed to the monument of his friend.

He was about to rise, when he felt himself held down by the back of his neck. Here there could be no mistake. "Who is there?" loudly demanded Thornton. "By heaven! if you don't let me go, I'll strike you dead with this hammer!" No answer was given, and Thornton began to feel extremely agitated. "Who's there, I say? I'll not consider this a joke. Scoundrel, let me up!" And he strove to rise, but in vain; the same firm grasp held him by the nape of the neck. His horror now almost amounted to madness; for, by stretching out his leg, he had clearly ascertained that no one was behind him. "Living or dead, you shall not conquer me!" added he, in a paroxysm of fear and desperation; "you shall not hold me!"—and he attempted suddenly to spring up. In the next instant he was dashed down upon his face, perfectly insensible.

In the mean time the two hours demanded by the adventurous bettor had expired, and some of the party at the Writers' Buildings proposed to go and look after Thornton, and claim the bet, which was now clearly won. Supposing that his courage had failed him, and that he had quietly sneaked home, to avoid the sneers of the company, it was proposed they should one and all go to the young man's house, and have their laugh out at his expense.

The proposal was warmly approved of, and they sallied forth; but, alas! the bird was flown. From the servant's account, he had evidently gone forth to accomplish the task he had undertaken; so to the burying-place they joyously trudged. The gate was open; Thornton was evidently there. They shouted to him; no reply was given; so in they marched. Presently they came to Martin's grave, beside which lay their friend, perfectly motionless. In an instant the drunken party became sobered, and they felt too late that they had engaged in an affair likely to terminate in a disagreeable manner, and reproached themselves with having seriously frightened a good comrade and a valued friend. Those who were nearest immediately stepped forward to raise poor Thornton up. He was cold and insensible. A doctor, who was of the party, advanced; he looked alarmed, felt the pulse, put his hand upon the breast, then turning round, exclaimed, in a voice which struck terror to every heart around him, "He is dead—quite dead!"

The friends who supported him hoped he was deceived, and attempted to remove the body. It was attached to the tomb. In an instant the whole cause of his terror and death was apparent. His cloak had slipped in between the skull and the tablet—he had firmly nailed it to the monument, so that when he had endeavoured, poor fellow! to rise, he had been held down by the back of the collar, and, striving with a jerk to free himself, had been naturally thrown down by it. The matter was hushed up. To this day the friends of the unhappy youth know not the cause of his death. From that moment none of the company have ever indulged in a practical joke. A brave, a good, and virtuous youth was thus immolated in attempting to prove his courage, where no such test was required.

May his example serve as a beacon to the foolhardy!

### TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

The Bundlécunds may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavoured to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness, overgrown with closely-tangled brushwood. Its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at the head-quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac, having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlécunds, determined on landing near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was



swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head dandy (boatman) to *lugan* (the act of fastening the boat to the shore), and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *langoutes* (the very smallest rag which decency requires), hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that their only occupation was that of digging holes, resembling human graves, about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals, who, unconscious of the trap thus artfully set would often tread on the seeming ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured above twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nussed* (pre-ordained fate), they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day; so, desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun, (one barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot,) and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning, (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport,) he laid himself down to rest, taking care, however, to bar the door as well he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures as the animals they were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastnesses of the Bundelcunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should not these men fall on him, and murder him! He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees, and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself. What, then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of all these? Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a *cuskos tattic* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass). Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and, to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their bloodthirsty intentions.

"How long," demanded a strange voice, "is it since you got him in?"

"Just before nightfall."

"Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring?"

"I have, and suspect he is fast asleep."

"Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him?"

"I think," replied one of his entertainers, "the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows."

"But, suppose he bursts forth?"

"Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives."

"Have you got them with you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, be quick," said the apparent leader; "be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over as soon as possible. I'll return in five minutes!" and Mactavish heard them suddenly go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac. listened as their footsteps died away; then, seizing his gun, he determined to endeavour to escape, or, at all events, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling-piece might be heard by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptible amongst the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like, hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power; he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one spring in despairing energy, and, as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pit-falls, over, which as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved from the moment from his fears, Mactavish now ventured to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavours to escape, or turn upon the intruder, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter! for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal, in making the movement, had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had dropped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who, bleeding and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to catch it up, and instant-

ly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about, preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more ferocious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield himself at once to the jaws of the animal, than remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. His head reeled; desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last out little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows! In another moment poor Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at again seeing him safe. They welcome him, and express their delight at saving him. What, then, could their previous conduct mean! The mystery was soon cleared up; as they conducted Arthur back to his budgerow, they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and, rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honours.

## POLAND.

"Vienna besieged by the Turks.—Warsaw besieged by the Russians.  
Look on this Picture—And on this."

The Moslem's banner floated high,  
And Christendom aghast look'd on;  
And there was heard a fearful cry.  
As tho' the Moslem's prey was won:  
And Virgin's dreams were of a reckless band  
Whose deeds had left nor Love—nor Hope—nor Father Land.  
Again that cry was heard—when lo!  
Poland and Sobieski rose;  
Of Chivalry a glorious show  
The death-sign of their Moslem foes;  
And Christendom confess'd—that glorious band,  
Had sav'd to Christian Men, their second Father Land.  
The heroes of the Cross have fled,  
Earth's frightful popularity;  
Which gave them but a soldier's bed  
When Heav'n gave immortality:  
And Russian lust—and Russian steel and brand,  
Have spared, nor sex, nor age, in their lov'd Father Land.  
Ah! little thought that patriot host  
In all their glorious chivalry,  
A Christian nation ere would boast  
A deed so loath'd of men born free  
As the wrong'd orphans of that patriot band,  
Leaving in Christian chains,—their Christian Father Land.  
And Kosciusko, thou the brave,  
The hero of their righteous cause  
Hast sought and found a Patriot Grave;  
Nor yet this country's tyrants pause;  
But onward—onward press the bloody band  
The withering curse of thy lov'd Father Land.  
And thousands brave and good like thee,  
Have sought and found an honoured grave  
They liv'd—as men should live—born free;  
They died—as well becomes the brave;  
And sepulchres of blood are left the sacred band,  
Who died—that Christian men might have a Father Land.  
And there were Christian flags so bright,  
Bless'd with such mighty power to save,  
That tyrants, fled their magic sight  
When borne on earth or ocean's wave,  
But Warsaw fell—nor saw her slaughtered band  
Those flags unfurled, to save "Their Christian Father Land."

Vandewater Street.

St. Rollox.

## PAINTING.—ON COLOUR.

From Professor Howard's Lectures at the Royal Academy.—[Concluded.]

The works of Rubens, at Antwerp, are not less remarkable for their colour than their chiaroscuro; an examination of which will fully repay any artist who may be induced to visit them. Most of these have been commented on by the best critics, and I shall therefore pass them by. But of one picture there, which is placed above his tomb, in the Church of St. Jacques, I could wish to give the students some idea. The subject is a "Holy Family, with Saints," and consists, in fact, of the different branches of his own family, whom he has thus perpetuated. It is not one of those extensive compositions into which he was able to bring forward all the resources of painting, but it is a remarkable example of his skill in colour and effect. In the centre of the picture is a beautiful profile figure of the Magdalen, standing in front of the Virgin and Child; her hair, of a very rich brown, is relieved against a grey sky; the shoulder and arm bare, and fair as a white rose, with a piece of linen attached to it, varying but little in tint from the flesh itself; the lower part of her dress is a mass of deep transparent black. Close behind her stands St. George (Rubens himself) in a polished steel cuirass, which extends the strong light and dark of the Magdalen; and immediately beside her is Joseph, leaning forward, whose arm is covered by a large mass of crimson drapery, the richest portion of colour in the work. Thus the great force of light, dark, and colour are brought together in the centre. In the right corner is St. Jerome sitting, partly naked, and of a very hot red tone, the garment about him still redder; but this tendency to rustiness is checked by a little cherub between his knees (supporting the Bible,) whose flesh is of the freshest and fairest hue, and by the deep blue mantle of the Virgin above him; the reds are recalled on the left side of the picture by a banner in the hand of St. George. In the sky are three or four hovering cherubs, gracefully composed; one of whom holds a wreath over the Infant, in which is a small portion of green, seemingly contrived as a foil to the quantity of red colour. A low horizon has given the painter an opportunity of showing, between the legs of St. George, a peep of landscape, in which there is a little more green and cool colour, and the green arbour behind the Virgin, combining with her blue mantle, make up the cold portion of the picture. These vivid oppositions are all brought into the most complete harmony. Excepting only the sprawling attitude of St. Jerome, the disposition of the whole is not less beautiful than are the parts; and it appeared to me altogether the most sparkling and



even elegant specimen of his pencil I ever saw. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his journey to Flanders, has noticed the remarkable brightness of this picture.

Rubens seemed to have aimed, like the Venetians, at adding vivacity and intensity to the colouring of Nature, though he rendered it, like every other part of the art, rather too systematic, unless for those extensive decorative compositions which he was so often called upon to execute. Amid the gorgeous gold and velvet ornaments of a church or palace, his splendour was in its place; but he adopted the same general principles in all his pictures, small or large, whatever their theme, not excepting even his landscapes; and though richness, where the subjects admit of it, is desirable, an excess of florid colour always offends, but most of all when combined with such sublime subjects as those in which he has aimed at rivalling M. Angelo, now removed to Munich.

Of white he introduced in general a very small quantity, and that almost reduced to a dove or lilac tint, giving a preference to the carnations of his females: like Titian's, his second tones are generally a light grey, and seem intermingled with the flesh tints to check their too great warmth; the reds are placed triangularly near the light, in masses of different shapes and hues: the greens, in small quantities, are generally introduced to set off the carnations: the third and fourth tints are yellow browns, which form a large part of his pictures, chequered with small quantities of grey, and his strongest masses of dark are generally blue or black. The "Rape of the Sabines" in the National Gallery, is an instance of this treatment. In this picture a larger portion of green is brought forward to cool the profuse quantity of red which is every where displayed. Here, too, is introduced the black dress, to increase the compass of his chiaroscuro.

On quitting this great man I may here remark, that the systematic character of his works, which render them less interesting to persons of refined taste, is, however, that which makes them invaluable as subjects of study for the artist. His principles are more apparent and intelligible than those of any other painter: you more easily trace the motive which guided him, and his technical skill, if rather too obvious and intrusive, is at the same time unrivalled.

In the enumeration of able colourists, Vandyke is entitled to a high station, and some of the best of his works are happily to be found in this country. His "Charles the First on horseback," in the royal collection, may be considered one of the finest equestrian portraits extant. The colour in general is exquisitely pure, and conducted a good deal on the principle of Titian, the red and yellow are supported by a great breadth of warm brown colours, and though there is a considerable quantity of grey, which is beautifully managed, the blue mass in the sky and in the scarf tell distinctly as the counterbalancing cold hues of the picture. He has infused a great portion of brown into the shadows of the green curtains, which unites it with the architecture, and makes out the harmony. The focus of chiaroscuro is happily thrown into the cuirass, carrying the eye up towards the head, which, by its fine colour and admirable expression, at once fixes the attention.

Vandyke's "Theodosius excommunicated" (now in the National Gallery) presents a very effective system of colour and chiaroscuro. The sky and architecture spread a large portion of grey behind the figures, against which are placed the Emperor in a bright red mantle, and St. Ambrose in his episcopal robe of light yellow, figured with a deep blue: to this still greater richness is given by the opposition of the boy in a white surplice, which forms the principal mass of light; the white sleeve of a priest behind carries it on, and is ingeniously contrived to relieve, and give point to the sun-burnt head of Theodosius, the yellow and brown tints on the other figures, and the dog, and faintly spread on the steps, serve further to check the quantity of grey, and the deep shadows of the figures on the left finely balance the chiaroscuro; this distinct arrangement of the warm and cold tints produces great brilliance, though it may be doubted if there is not, after all, rather too great a prevalence of the leaden hue, into which this great artist occasionally fell. Perhaps this may be fairly ascribed to the use of some pigment, which has become more opaque and cold from time. Some of his historical pictures at Antwerp strongly suggest this opinion: in these the greys appear to have been formed of white, mixed with the brown earth which goes by his name, and are become so heavy in their tones as materially to injure the beauty of the colouring.

In the truth and purity with which he imitated the hues of his model, no one has exceeded Rembrandt. Of his skill in combining and arranging a variety of colours in extensive composition he has not often given us an opportunity of judging. The "Guard-house at Amsterdam" is less satisfactory in this respect than many of his smaller works.

The colour of Rembrandt is always rich, and blended in a peculiar manner with his chiaroscuro. The "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," lately in the Painting School (to which I alluded in my last,) is a very beautiful specimen of both, the lights are glowing and finely modulated; and as they contain a considerable portion of red, he has counterbalanced them by a background chiefly of green; lively but not crude, his brightest colour is sparingly employed to give zest to particular points. The extended light of the bed is of a low, warm tone, which is made to appear white and brilliant by the quantity of rich dark about it, and from there being nothing else so like white in the picture. The red dress of the female is of a beautiful tint, and finely harmonized. Many of Rembrandt's portraits in this country, particularly those in the Grosvenor Gallery, are admirable for their tone, effect, and truth.

The science and practice of colouring may be fairly said to have maintained itself with undiminished power in these latter days. Our own school, with whatever deficiencies it may be charged, may boast of having produced very distinguished talent in this department of painting. Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke perhaps led the way to the knowledge of colour among us, but it is to the first President of this Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that we are immediately indebted for an insight into its true principles (as, indeed, into those of the art in general. Naturally possessed of an exquisite relish for colour, as well as an eye of peculiar delicacy, he had diligently studied in the continental schools those works which were most remarkable for harmony and effect.

Correggio, the Venetians, the Dutch, and Flemish, all contributed to form him as a colourist: he seems to have thoroughly appreciated and discriminated their various styles, and to have early learned to rival their best examples. He imitated, successfully, the veiled splendour of Titian, and by lowering the scale of his colour, added to its richness and brightness, supporting it with a depth of chiaroscuro equal to Rembrandt: a more varied management and less apparent artifice. In rendering the true effects of light, in the beauty and suavity of his hues, in breadth, unity, and force, no less than in his refined taste and feeling, he may rank with the greatest colourists that the art has produced. Though constantly recurring to Nature, he never allowed too close an adherence to the individualities of his model to interfere with the true idea of Nature developed in the works of the most admired masters. Many examples of his powerful skill will readily occur to my hearers. The glowing colour of his "Iphigenia" in the Royal Collection (lately, by her Majesty's gracious permission, in the Painting School,) happily remains in such a state of preservation, that it has

scarcely lost anything of its original perfection. We may regret that the same cannot be said of that once exquisite example of colour and effect, his "Holy Family" in the National Gallery.

His portraits are too numerous and well known to need any comment. "The Marlborough Family," one of his more extensive works, gives us an opportunity of judging of his arrangements on a larger scale. In this he seems to have adopted the general principles of Titian and Rubens, but with a greater breadth and force of chiaroscuro than the first, and far more purity of tone than the second,—the blue robe of the garter, furnishes him with his strongest dark, the bright red curtains spread his warm middle tints through the picture, and give great delicacy to the carnations. His discrimination of the principal classes or styles of colour, as well as the many other valuable observations which he has made on the technical parts of the art, (in his notes on Du Fresnoy,) will, no doubt, be carefully considered by the student, and treasured up in his memory. It has sometimes been inculcated, that the warm colours should always be placed in the front, or foreground objects, as having a tendency to impress the eye more strongly, or to come more forward than the cold; but union and harmony require that some intermixture of warm colour should be thrown into the background, and of cold into the front; and, in confirmation of this opinion, we may observe that many of the pictures in which the contrary principle has been adopted, (such as the "Notte," the "Magdalen," and the "Christ in the Garden," of Correggio, Titian's "Christ crowned with Thorns," and others,) have afforded as general delight as any that could be named.

Rubens, in the Cathedral at Antwerp, has, for the sake of contrast and variety, painted in one of the side pictures of the great altar-piece, a female saint, in a grey drapery, against a mass of brown rock, and on the other, St. Paul in brown, against a blue sky. Some of the most admired portraits of Vandyke are treated in the same way; and, I may add, Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," in the Grosvenor collection.

In nature we often see these cold colours, as they are called, near, and warmer colours at a distance, without being offended, and it would seem from the above instances, among hundreds which might be cited, that they require only judicious management to make them agreeable in art. The effect of the whole would seem to depend on the quantity and opposition of warm tones necessary to counterbalance the cold and make out the harmony.

In portraiture, the dress generally gives the leading and predominant tone of the picture, and perhaps any tint whatever, warm or cold, may be adopted for that purpose, and made agreeable if duly balanced and distributed. The black dress of Rubens, in the midst of bright tints, while it gives depth to the chiaroscuro, adds richness to all the colours it opposes, and sobriety to the whole. Titian sometimes made use of a low white or grey dress, set off by warm tones, the converse of the same principle. Reynolds occasionally placed a white dress against a light grey sky, with very little positive colour, and produced a pleasing effect by breadth and hue. Vandyke's half-length portrait of Queen Henrietta, in the royal collection, is a fine specimen of the same kind of treatment. The general aspect is grey and silvery; the only positive colour in it consists of a little red, which is sprinkled, as it were, on the stomacher, and a small red flower in the hair (acting like the red cap in some of Tenier's pictures,) which preserves the whole from coldness. A beautiful picture by Rubens, at Antwerp, of "St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read," is on the same principle.

But, in fact, the different modes in which the colours may be arranged with effect, and the variety of keys in which they may be modulated, seem to admit of no limitations. They may be raised to the most vivid and gorgeous, or subdued to the most delicate tones, according to the nature of the subject; may be reduced almost to chiaroscuro, or glow with all the hues of the prism. The picture may be made effective either by the simplicity, or by the richness of its harmony, accompanied as it were by a single instrument, or a whole band. The skill of the master is to be seen as advantageously in the one as in the other, and his most bewitching effects will often be produced, like those of the musician, in a minor key, which in both arts is particularly suited to the pathetic. In the earlier works of Titian, Garofalo, and others of the Venetian and Ferrarese schools, a great intensity of colour seems to have been aimed at, emulating the "storied windows richly dight" of our Gothic cathedrals, and a similar practice is to be found in the oil pictures of Van Eyck, and the old German schools, from which it was probably derived.

Titian, as his taste improved, quitted this gaudy manner, making his blues a distinct counterbalance to a general diffusion of warm but not florid colour; and, from the practice of all the great colourists, it appears that a considerable portion of negative hues is necessary to set off the more positive; for brilliance, if attempted everywhere, becomes ineffective from the want of opposition; alternations of excitement and repose are indispensable in every part of the art, (and where sentiment is aimed at, a very small portion of vivid colour can be safely introduced.) Hence, broken and subdued colours form the larger part of all fine pictures; they are serviceable either to oppose or reconcile the leading colours of the picture, to vary the tones of the lights, and add to the harmony and even brightness of the whole. For this purpose, great use may be made of reflections; warm tints may thus be introduced to check and keep in tune those which are in themselves rather too cold, and vice versa.

By this principle the extremes of both may be brought together, and a kind of transparency obtained in the colouring, which is always desirable: care, however, must be taken that these reflections are not overdone, or the picture will lose solidity and substance, and become diaphanous. An artifice of the same kind is the adoption of draperies shot with threads of opposite colours, very frequent in the Herculaneum pictures, and occasionally used by Raffaele, Poussin, and Rubens, which, when well managed, is capable of very brilliant and pleasing results.

Contrast is the source of all character and effect in colour, as in every other division of the art. No tint will appear very bright unless set off by an opponent, and by this treatment effect may be given to any, but the shadows must all partake of the same negative tone, and that should be the natural antagonist of the general hue of the light, which again must be gently diffused over the local colours, in order to tinge them with the same atmosphere, and give truth and union to the whole.

In the works of the finest colourists, particularly those of Correggio, there is a gradual variation from warm to cold tones, as well as from light to dark, while the extremes of both are economized, and have their more decided points of antithesis, and this modulation or rhythm is one great cause of the suavity and breadth for which he is remarkable.

The general tone of colour to be adopted for a picture, together with its chiaroscuro, is the music to which the composition is set, and should always accord with, and arise out of, the character of the subject. This has naturally some fixed and inherent circumstance, some indispensable demand, which must first be attended to,—as whether it be simple or rich, playful or grave, whether it derive its light from the freshness of the morning or the glow of evening, the quality or costume of the principal characters, &c.—something of this kind will generally suggest the key in which the harmony is to be evolved, and lead to all



the rest. Thus, if there be a necessity for clothing the principal figure in red, that must be supported by congenial tints, carried on in some part by a smaller repetition of nearly the same tint, and set off and harmonized by a portion of the antagonist or complementary colour, more or less positive, as Reynolds has shown in speaking of Vandyke's "Cardinal Bentivoglio;" and this general principle is applicable to all the various classes of painting, from a portrait, or single figure to the most complicated history.

Having now referred to the practice of the most eminent masters in colour, and endeavoured to illustrate their general principles with regard to inventive or ideal colouring, it would be useless to draw your attention to any examples of less acknowledged excellence. I shall therefore conclude with remarking, that though Reynolds, with true judgment and great impartiality—towards an element of Painting in which he so much excelled—has pointed out the ambitious nature of colour, and its tendency to absorb every other quality of the art, yet it is equally certain, that when regulated by taste and feeling, colour will be often found capable, in a powerful degree, of expanding the poetical sentiment of the work, and of interesting the imagination and affections no less than of delighting the sense.

### ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

#### A GOOD SUBJECT.—ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

IN the spring of 1823, two years after the first appearance of Monsieur Alexandre, the well known ventriloquist, at the Adelphi theatre, in his popular entertainment, "the Rogueries of Nicholas," constructed for him by the narrator of these anecdotes, Elliston having the Olympic on his hands as well as the Drury Lane, thought that as he was doing nothing with the former, that it would be a good speculation to engage the polyphonist to appear there in a new piece, on the Easter Monday following. He accordingly commissioned the narrator, knowing his intimate acquaintances with Alexandre, to ferret him out wherever he might be exhibiting, proceed to the spot at once, and engage him, if possible, on any terms, not exceeding fifty pounds a week.

Discovering after some enquiry, that the ventriloquist was at Cambridge, the narrator, securing a place on the box of the then classical coachman as he was termed, forthwith proceeded to that seat of learning. Arrived at the ventriloquist's lodgings, the narrator was informed he was absent on a visit to the mayor, a worthy grocer in the High-street. Thither he quickly followed; he found the ventriloquist perfectly electrifying his worship by imitating the ticking of a watch in his ear, and the buzzing of a bluebottle about his wig, which latter sound was so true to nature, there was scarcely any persuading the municipal Epicier the insect had not that very moment issued from one of his own sugar hogsheads. Easily induced to return to London, the man of many voices, after some affected demurs, which were all overruled by Elliston, who spoke with "a voice potential as double as the duke's," was duly engaged.

Previously to appearing at the Olympic, the manager thought it would be a good advertisement, if the artiste could excite the curiosity of the town by privately playing off a few of the tricks which he had vaunted so much of practising on the public in other countries, such as inducing a waggoner to uncart a load of hay in search of a child supposed to have been accidentally buried beneath it, &c. &c.

The ventriloquist, who in these matters was really *vox et præterea nihil*, turned a very reluctant ear to this proposition, but the comedian engaging to act as confederate, and arrange the little scenes to be performed, he had at last no excuse for refusing. An evening was consequently fixed upon, and the narrator anticipating some amusement, resolved to accompany them.

Their first step was towards Charing-cross. The splendid houses now forming Pall Mall East had just been erected. Reaching Cockspur-street, it was settled that the actor should give the Frenchman the cue when he was to ventriloquise by kicking his shins.

"You must animate one of these carcasses," said Elliston, surveying the unfinished building, "here is an empty house that wants a tenant; you must supply one."

The workmen had long retired from the labour of the day, and though the windows were without sashes, and there was little to steal in the several houses, the doors of them were carefully locked to prevent homeless vagabonds occupying them for the night. The dusk favoured the performance. Planting themselves close to the railings of the first of these edifices.

"Throw your voice into the vaults below," whispered the comedian. "You must be a poor fellow, who, having got drunk and falling asleep, has tumbled into some hole or another, call for assistance, and beg to be let out."

The ventriloquist, not without some trepidation, did as he was desired, and Elliston commenced his part. Not his first appearance in "the Confederacy?" His exclamations of surprise, commiseration, indignation, &c., soon attracted the notice of the passers by; a voice was plainly heard, begging to be extricated.

"What is it?" cried one.

"A drunken man," said another.

"Call the watch," said a third.

"Break open the door," said a fourth.

The watchman of the district advanced, calling the hour; seeing a mob, he lost no time in joining it.

"Och by St. Bridget's flannel petticoat," said he, on hearing the cries, "but it's that devil's own darlint, Tim Corcoran, sure enough, he's been having a thrille too much refreshment, and they have overlooked the spalpeen and locked him in; fait, it's a way he's got, but we musn't let him remain there. It's a could night, more by token that I've just taken a noggen of the cratur myself—then isn't he a countryman—by the powers I'll go and get the keys and let him out directly—he aisy wid you there Tim, its myself; your friend Shamus Mc Guire that's coming to let you out with my lantern, and will do it beautifully in no time, so be aisy wid you."

Proceeding to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, with whom the keys were deposited, honest Shamus soon returned with them. The mob had now considerably increased, and all was impatience and anxiety, the door was speedily unlocked, and Shamus descended.

"Do you see him, do you see him?" cried every one.

"Devil a haporth," answered Shamus.

"Have you found the hole?"

"Not a bit of it—there's no drunken man here."

A kick on the ventriloquist's shins caused a renewal of the entreaties for help. The mob were greatly enraged at this proof of Shamus's fallibility.

"You are drunk yourself," they shouted, "the poor fellow's crying for help now, we can hear him quite plain."

"Drunk! and is it me that's drunk! by the powers but you may come and look for yourselves then; but stay, I'll sarch the back premises. Oh, murder, murder, murder."

"What's the matter? Have you found the hole?"

"Sure and I have!"

"Then why don't you pull the poor fellow out of it?"

"Oh, by Jagers! for a mighty good rasin, I'm in it myself up to the chin! Help me out, help me out, I shall be murdered if I stay here three minutes longer."

Fully persuaded that he would be murdered if he staid three minutes longer the ventriloquist here availed himself of the confusion created by this discovery to take French leave.

"I was certain some one was in the vault," said Elliston; "you see I was right my friends, go down and help the sufferer out directly, but take care you don't get into the hole as watchey has done."

The mob obeyed his directions, and while they disappeared in cellars to extricate poor Shamus, he with the narrator also disappeared in search of the ventriloquist, leaving watchey to get out of cesspool as well as he could.

Overtaking Alexandre in the Haymarket, they made their way to a retired locality, where a celebrated anatomical lecturer had then a museum, or *ménagerie* as the populace more commonly called it.

"This will be the very thing," said Elliston to the Frenchman, suddenly recollecting the circumstance, "as you have succeeded so well with the carcass in Cockspur-street I'll try if I can't find you an equally good subject here. My friend shall help us, we can't want one with him."

The house in which the anatomist resided was a large mansion, still standing though now converted into a lead manufactory. The front of it looked on a garden, while only one side of it was in the street. To this a dead wall skirting the garden, not inappropriately conducted. In the garden itself were chained several vultures, and other birds of prey, fed, according to vulgar report, on very ogre sort of fare, having daily Prometheus's dish for dinner. Some cauldrons or coppers it was also stated were in these gardens, in which very questionable broths were continually concocted. In the side of the house, facing the street, a blank mass of brickwork, already mentioned, was and still is, a grated aperture, affording light and air to a vault beneath.

It was now between nine and ten, and there was not a soul to be seen in the street, except an ancient dame who was descending some steps at the further end of the place, bearing a hot meat-pie which she was bringing from a baker's.

"Now then," said Elliston to the ventriloquist, "throw your voice into that vault. You are a dead body wanting to get out."

"You are a skeleton wishing to take the air. We can never have a better opportunity; now for it."

Piteous groans were immediately heard.

"Let me out, let me out," cried a voice, rendered more natural by the apprehension of the ventriloquist.

"What's the matter?" said the old lady, approaching.

"Upon my word, I don't know, my good ma'am," said Elliston; "but there seems some person in great distress here—listen!" Here he kicked the ventriloquist's shins.

"For the love of heaven, help me out," groaned the voice, apparently in the last agonies.

"The Lord preserve me!" cried the old lady, turning deadly pale, and unconsciously letting fall the pie, which was reduced, as the Americans say, to immortal smash.

The portly butler of ———, an eminent solicitor, who lived in the street, at this moment appeared, and advanced towards them.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"That's what we want to know," said Elliston; "listen, my friend!"

Another kick on Alexandre's shins.

"Oh, the villain!—the rascal!" vociferated the butler, on hearing the groans and exclamations. "Not content with getting subjects ready killed, he keeps them, and kills them as he wants them—I have long suspected this—we are none of us safe!"

"Why who lives here?" said Elliston, affecting much ignorance.

"Who lives here? Why \* \* \* the anatomist, to be sure."

"Then that fully accounts for it," said the comedian dryly; "but the dead must not be suffered to remain and perish here."

A couple of labourers returning from their work, and some other idle persons, now joined them, and in turn heard the groans and exclamations—the general sensation became very strong against the unconscious anatomist.

"Wretch—monster—murderer!" resounded from all sides, the assemblage becoming every moment greater.

They would certainly have broken all squares with the dissector, had any windows presented themselves for them to exercise their rage upon; luckily, as has been said, there was only the brick wall.

"Knock at the door," was now the universal cry; "it's somebody come to life again! Knock at the door."

A vigorous cannonade was promptly answered by the indignant footman.

"What is the meaning of this hullabaloo?" he asked. "What are you kicking up this riot for?"

"Meaning enough," answered the mob; "you are as bad as your master; but come and convince yourself."

Another attack of the ventriloquist's shins, elicited cries of distress, and prayers for help.

The footman was paralyzed.

"What do you think of that, friend Scrub?" said Elliston.

"That body must have been placed there," said the conscience-stricken footman, "while I was gone for the beer, half-an-hour ago."

"There, you hear," said the actor, "he confessed he went to fetch the beer for the body."

Hissings and hootings followed this palpable conviction.

"I'll be on my corporal oath," said the footman, perspiring at every pore, "there has not been a single subject there these three weeks."

"Then how comes it, it is calling for assistance now? You don't mean to say it's the poor creature's ghost, do you?" said Elliston.

"Oh, it's a clear case," said the butler. "You are a disgrace to the cloth—and as to your going to get beer for your unfortunate victims, I don't believe a word of it. Why don't you let the poor creature out—shameful—scandalous."

The footman in his endeavours to exculpate himself, now begun making several acknowledgments that only tended to increase the belief and indignation of the mob at his master's malpractices.

At this moment, attracted by the noise, the anatomist himself made his appearance, and hearing the cause of the disturbance, absolutely fumed a the mouth with fury.

"It's all a vile conspiracy," said he, "to ruin me!"

"Conspiracy!" said several voices, "let you own ears convince you."



The anatomist approached; Elliston resumed kicking the shins of his companion, as he supposed, but angry ejaculations from an old gentleman of "What the devil are you at, &c.," made it evident that the affrighted ventriloquist had vanished.

"Well, what am I to listen to?" said the exulting anatomist, after a dead pause, "I hear nobody."

"No body speaks now, sure enough," said the mob.

"No, the poor fellow has died over again, while we have been talking," said Elliston, in a feigned voice.

"It's all a vile conspiracy, I repeat," said the anatomist, in a great passion. "A scandalous libel; I'll give ten pounds to any one who'll discover the scoundrel that has set this infamous report afloat."

"I'll swear I heard the voice," said the butler. "You know, friend," turning to one of the spectators, "that I told you—"

"Oh, yes; you are the person that first pointed it out, certainly."

"Then you, I'll make sure of," said the enraged dissector, collaring the butler. "Here watch—watch!"

"Don't lay hands on me," said the butler, struggling with the anatomist. "I won't eat my words, you know you are a fellow that would make an anatomy of any body, but you shan't polish my bones, let me go."

A desperate struggle now took place between the butler and the anatomist, each got the other by the throat, and both were in a condition of speedily becoming subjects in reality, when Elliston, sidling up to the anatomist, whispered in his ear.

"You had better let the fellow go, you have only been furnished with a fresh subject, the public here have only been *bringing out* 'The Anatomist' rehearsing the farces of 'Dead Alive,' and 'Killing no Murder.'"

Think of that, Master \* \* \*, think of that."

"Confound me, if it isn't Elliston!" cried the amazed lecturer, catching, for the first time, a complete view of the comedian's features. "I've been finely hoaxed—rarely tricked! Unloose me, friend, I withdraw my charge."

Before however, he could get extricated, Elliston had retreated in search of the terrified ventriloquist, and the mob were only at length appeased by a personal inspection of the cellar, and a participation of a barrel of small ale, luckily its sole contents, but they took nothing particular by the motion, as it afterwards appeared that the ale was only placed there because it happened to be—dead!

#### THE THESPIAN ORACLE!

Though the gods had not exactly made Elliston poetical, there were times when he perpetrated rhyme. Like the Delphic oracle of old, he on particular occasions delivered himself in verse—not hexameter verse, certainly, but rather doggerel, yet his revelations, decrees, or whatever they might be called, like those of the priesthood of the oracle in question, were only delivered in such moments, under the immediate inspiration of the god, the sulphuric vapour which moved the Pythia being supplied by the fumes arising from copious libations of Madeira, and sometimes even of a stronger spirit. The narrator remembers many ludicrous instances of this odd propensity, but he will only recount the following.

With his customary goodnature, the actor had gone down to Croydon—the theatre of which town had formerly been his property—to star it for the benefit of a poor provincial actor, with whom he had become acquainted in the progress of his professional peregrinations.

Preserving his usual regard to outward appearance, he had taken down with him his own immediate body-dresser, a man named Biffin. Wishing to impress the good people of Croydon with a proper consideration of his importance, he put up at the Greyhound, an inn immediately adjacent to the theatre, and one of the most respectable in the town.

After partaking of a substantial dinner, which he duly moistened with mine host's juice of the grape, he at length found himself properly primed for the part he had to play. "The generous god" in grateful remembrance of the actor's unwearied devotion to him, usually rewarded his votary, proper offerings having been poured out to him, by elevating his ideas to that imperative mood in which he often felt in reality all the dignity and consequence of the high personages he might have to represent, and on this occasion his brain had become considerably more sublimated than was usual, even with him.

The time for his appearance rapidly advancing, he proceeded to make his toilet for the evening. This important business being at length completed, and having satisfied himself that he was dressed at all points, he desired his obsequious and astonished dresser, in a tone of great solemnity, to procure him a coach, the distance from the inn to the theatre being only about two hundred yards.

"A glass coach, sir!" said the dresser.

"Glass-coach," said Elliston, "a glass-coach—no, sir—a hackney-coach, or a chariot, sir; for I perceive there is a crowd assembled outside, and Robert William Elliston must not be seen proceeding to the theatre on foot. The dramatic art, sir, is not one that can be performed—(hic)—'*stans pede in uno*,' you know what I mean? standing on one foot, sir." Here he staggered considerably. "Egad some people seem as if they could not stand very well on two feet. You understand me, friend, you understand?"

Though Elliston's Latin, commonplace as it generally was, was all Greek to poor Biffin, he did not choose to avow his ignorance, but at once assented.

"Very true, sir, very true, perfectly understand, sir; but lord bless my soul, sir, you cannot get a hackney-coach, or a chariot either here; there are only the regular stages, and they have been gone to London this half hour."

"Stage me no stage, regular or irregular, I say, sir, there are too many irregular stages in London for the regulars to do any good, they must all be put down; but enough of this, it is sufficient for a man to appear on one stage in one evening. Pity it is for me and the public, it should in this instance be on the Croydon stage, licensed to carry six inside—Thalia grant there may be six inside—and as many outside as Byers will permit. The Lord knows"—looking through the window—"there are plenty outside, Biffin; but, however, since it appears that neither a coach nor a chariot can be procured, as it is impossible I can go on foot, you, Biffin, must carry me."

"Carry you, sir?"

"Ay, sir, upon your shoulders shall you bear Robert William Elliston, and in his person the congregated weight of the whole Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Now, then, take me up, Biffin, but be particularly careful you do not let me down, for I see you have been drinking, Biffin."

"Lord, sir, I have only had the pint of porter you ordered me."

"How can that be, when we have had a magnum of Madeira in?"

"Yes, sir, but I've had none of it!"

"Then I suppose," said Elliston, winking his laughing eye, with a self-satisfied twinkle, that sufficiently showed how much he enjoyed his own joke, "I suppose it is I who must have been drinking! Well, well, take me up; but

stay, I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount," pouring out and emptying a last bumper at parting. "Now then, steady, steady, Biffin."

Bestridding the poor fellow's shoulders, the twain sallied forth into the street, where a number of little boys and idle vagabonds had assembled in order to get a glimpse of the great comedian as he came out. The ludicrous spectacle presented to them by this strange conjunction, this "Ossa on a wart," excited their risible faculties, and notwithstanding the portentous and majestic looks of the inimitable mime, they gave a vent to their mirth in loud peals of laughter mingled with hurrahs, &c.

Digging his heels into the ribs of Biffin to enforce a halt, our comedian, summoning all the dignity he was possessed of, as if suddenly inspired, addressed his astonished auditors in the following impromptu couplet,

"Hear me and pay attention, little boys,

You all may follow—"

In a tone of gracious condescension,

"But must not make—a noise!"

After delivering this oracular and mysterious intimation, the last part of which he pronounced in a tone of awful injunction, our hero, again digging his heels into the right and left ribs of poor Biffin, ordered him to go on, and go on they did, amidst the boisterous merriment of the assembled rabble, until they arrived at the very threshold of the stage door, when happening to tread upon an unlucky piece of orange peel, Biffin's foot slipped, he fell, and with him fell the then reigning majesty of Drury, both master and man measuring their full length in a kennel that was none of the cleanest. The shouts of the spectators now became louder than ever. Greatly confused, poor Biffin picked up his illustrious ruler, who looked unutterable things, but, however, moulted no feather of his native self-possession, his accustomed state. Wiping down his black silk breeches as well as he could, with a white cambric handkerchief, he again, with a lofty scorn that soared above the reach of calamity, colossus-like, bestrode the poor dresser, who proceeded with him up the steps leading to the stage-door. Gaining this summit, Biffin's rider made him turn round, and a second time halt, both now facing the mob that riotously followed at their heels. Looking terribly severe, Elliston then, after a few preparatory hems and hiccups, delivered himself of another distich, the commanding pomposity of which had the effect of creating a momentary silence in the somewhat abashed auditors, in the pause of which he grandly vanished! to get through his part in the best way he could.

These were his closing words, sublimely impressive and admirably characteristic of the man, noble and commanding in misfortune, towering and collected in declension:—

"Cease your vile shouts, there is no cause for scoff,

True I have fallen—but great's the fall thereof."

#### CAPTURE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BARON WINZINGERODE, IN 1812, AT MOSCOW, AND HIS RESCUE BY THE COSSACKS.

FROM A FRENCH M.S. OF GENERAL LEON DE NARISCHKIN.

I served from the beginning of the campaign of 1812 as Captain in the Huzzar Regiment Isam (now Archduke Ferdinand of Este), which regiment being reduced in the course of several engagements, particularly at the battle of Borodino, from eight to four squadrons, I became attached as one of the junior Captains to the Staff of Lieut.-Gen. Baron Winzingerode, who, with a corps of cavalry, covered the high road from Moscow to Petersburg from the enemy's troops, then in possession of the former city. The greater portion, however, of the French army had already evacuated that city, and withdrawn to Tarutino, when the General received intelligence from the advanced posts, whose patrols made incursions into the suburbs of Moscow, that the enemy had collected near the Kremlin, with the intention of intrenching themselves there permanently. Circumstances, however, willed it otherwise, and the actions of Maloi-Jaroslawetz and others compelled Napoleon to think about his retreat, and of winter-quarters. About the same time our patrols, which scoured the country in every direction, and watched particularly the road to Smolensk, Napoleon's chief line of communication, seized upon a courier bearing letters to the Empress Maria Louisa, in which the resumption of offensive operations, and the preliminary movement on Smolensk for that purpose, were announced, or, more plainly speaking, in which retreat was alluded to. As I just at that moment fulfilled provisionally by the corps the service of the officer of the day, the General commanded me to omit nothing whereby his flying corps might be enabled to act with effect in attacking and harassing the enemy's flank march on Smolensk.

At noon the regular cavalry, under General Benkendorf, were to move forward, while the irregular Cossacks of the Don, under the command of General Jelowsaiski IV., who were posted under the walls of Moscow, were to invest the Kremlin, and attack the enemy's troops left there. In order to communicate this command verbally to General Jelowsaiski, and to set some bounds to the plundering and murder of the few remaining inhabitants of the suburbs, and at the same time to come to some understanding with the General of the enemy, relative to our mutual positions, Winzingerode wished to go himself. For greater despatch, and in order with greater certainty to return the distance of thirty-five wersts, which was that of the head-quarters from Moscow, by the hour of noon,—the time fixed for the march of the regular cavalry,—Baron Winzingerode ordered a droscke to be got ready. In the hurry of our departure we forgot to take a trumpeter with us, and, as there was danger in the enterprise, I induced the General to allow a Cossack to ride in advance, with a handkerchief tied to the head of his lance; for I was persuaded that the first enemy's post we should fall in with would either discover our object, or, the better to direct the attention of their people to us, would salute us with a few shots.

We left the two Cossack regiments at the city gate, and rode behind the two Cossacks, one of whom carried the order which I was to forward through the advanced posts, to Marshal Prince Kutosow. We passed, in fact, through the suburbs without meeting an enemy's patrol, but we were informed by peasants "that a French picquet lay in the Twer-street, at the Governor-General's house." A few paces from the latter the street forms a right angle, so that the Cossack, upon seeing the French, pulled up, and made to me the sign agreed upon. I then requested the General to permit me to ride forward and call out the officer of the post. He, however, querulously replied, "Where you can go I can go. Remain you, I will speak with him." I followed, in spite of the order to remain, and, in effect, we immediately saw the post, which consisted of men belonging to the 6th Light Infantry Regt. of the Imperial Guard, headed by their officer, present their pieces at us. On calling to them "Not to fire, as we wished to parley," the officer commanded them to shoulder arms, and, advancing to General Winzingerode, who had approached within a few paces of



him, demanded "What our business was!" The General inquired "Who commanded in the city?" and was informed that it was Marshal Mortier.

Upon the General's desire "that the Marshal might be informed that a Russian officer wished to come to some understanding with him respecting the common interest of both parties," the officer returned to his post, and despatched some of his men with orders to that effect; when, suddenly, a French officer rode from out the gateway of a house opposite the post, in the direction of the Kremlin. Perceiving the Cossack, as he was in advance of the piquet, he pulled up, rode back, and, without asking any questions, seized the horse and person of the General. The latter held his pipe in his hand, and had no thought of defending himself, nor even time to do so, ere he saw himself hurried forward on the road to the Kremlin. Not understanding all this, my first movement was to hasten to the assistance of my chief, upon which the piquet fired at me. I demanded "What was their intention with the General?" and being informed "that he would be taken before the Marshal," I requested also to be conducted to him: which the officer immediately assented to, and gave me a guard of five men to escort me.

In the Kremlin all were under arms. From the top of the tower of John the Great the movements of our Cossack regiments had been observed, and I was then led into that portion of the building occupied by Marshal Mortier. Winzingerode was already with him in his cabinet. His Adjutant spoke to me upon the imprudence of passing the advanced posts without a trumpeter; upon which I endeavoured to show, in the best manner, "that from Frenchmen we could not for a moment anticipate a snare, and that, if the officer had not understood our object, or would not understand it, a couple of musket-shots would have been a more laconic and energetic mode of reply; but, as it was, we had been perfectly easy."

This apparent ease, however, was not to last long. I was disarmed. Then came the Marshal out of his cabinet. I was placed before him, and he bade me go in to Winzingerode, who, surprised to see me, said to me in great displeasure,

"What have you then done, friend?"

"General," I replied, "when I saw you carried off I considered it my duty to follow you."

Upon which he held out his hand to me, with the words, "You are a man of honour. But the lot which awaits me you little know."

I replied, "Then I shall be happy to share it with you, be it what it may." He continued: "So many years that I have fought against the French, and thought I could depend upon their honour! But now, against all law of nations, contrary to all the rules of war, they want to keep me here a prisoner. Well so," turning to the Marshal and other Generals present, "gentlemen, you are the stronger. Do as you please. But reflect well that I neither am nor can be your prisoner." The Marshal heard calmly the impassioned address of the entrapped General, and merely replied, "The Emperor Napoleon will decide the matter. A courier is at this moment going off to him." He then called Baron Sicard, Commandant in the Kremlin, and Colonel of the 5th Light Infantry Regiment of the Young Guard, and ordered him to take charge of us and conduct us to his quarters.

The garrison was in readiness to evacuate the Kremlin. We were conducted to a carriage, and placed under the escort of Captain Devaux, of the above-named regiment, whose name will ever be to me a grateful recollection. How much I regretted my inability to hear of him when in France, desirous as I was to express to him my thanks for the noble and generous attention which he so unremittingly paid to General Baron Winzingerode, suffering as he was in mind and body, and to myself, as long as we were entrusted to his and the gallant Colonel Baron Sicard's care. His name, at least, will ever remain to me a honoured legacy. Four non-commissioned officers of the Young Guard, and two gendarmes d'élite, surrounded our vehicle, placed in the centre of the column, which, besides the Young Guard and the French regiments, consisted of several squadrons of Portuguese Cavalry, Spanish and Illyrian Infantry, and dismounted troopers of all nations. The Marshal, it is true, had formed them into a regiment, and placed them under the command of a French Colonel, but already in the first five miles it became a complete Babel let loose, in respect to the confusion of tongues. We halted frequently on account of the deep mud and darkness of the night. At the first halting-place a cannon-shot was heard. We were informed it was a signal for the blowing-up of the Kremlin. Shortly after followed the report; it was a heart-rending sound for every Russian who loved his country, but how much more so for me, of the rare patriotic devotion of whose ancestors, that same Kremlin had hitherto been as a lasting memorial.

After six days march and bivouac, close to the town of Wreja, which we had just passed, we perceived on a branch of the road a string of mules belonging to the Emperor's head-quarters. Shortly afterwards we were accosted by an Adjutant, ordered to mount two horses of gendarmes, and conducted to the Emperor himself.

It is not here out of place to remark, that at the moment of our disarming in the Kremlin, General Winzingerode had upon his person several letters of the Emperor Alexander in answer to others, in which the Emperor, in full concordance with the General's sentiments, said, among other things: "*War to Kamtschatka, if it must be, but no peace. The latter is our ruin, the first only can help us!*" Fearful of being searched, these letters caused us the greatest apprehension, and we were no sooner in the carriage than we tore them to pieces, scattered a portion of them, and swallowed the remainder.

Winzingerode, in the campaign of Austerlitz had been sent with a flag of truce to Napoleon; being therefore personally known to him, led to the hope that the Emperor would invite him to an interview, and then dismiss him. But the result was not that which we had imagined. In expectation of our coming, Napoleon rode meanwhile over the plain, and appeared as though to examine the terrain. Upon perceiving us, he pulled up and dismounted, as did his whole numerous retinue, among whom were Murat, Berthier, Caulaincourt, Lauriston, and several others; his squadrons of the Guard likewise dismounted, and took up their position about fifty paces from the gold-bedizened group. The command was immediately given to lead us forward, and then commenced a scene so violent and impassioned, that every officer near the person of Napoleon, even those who made the campaign of Egypt, confessed they had never seen the like of it. The ill success of his arms had highly excited the Emperor's ill-humour, he had found the Emperor Alexander inaccessible to the least word of reconciliation, and despairing on that account of peace, he seemed already to foresee those misfortunes which from that time exceeded all his anticipations. He had been apprized by Caulaincourt, who had been formerly Ambassador in Russia, that Winzingerode, at that time in the Austrian service, had come of his own accord to Petersburg, to induce the Emperor to side with Austria against him. He also knew that at the time of the occupation of Moscow, two persons who had remained accidentally behind in the city, and who had undertaken to convey letters from Napoleon to Alexander, had been seized by Winzingerode,

upon their presenting themselves at the outposts, as unworthy of the Russian name. All these circumstances together had increased his bitterness to the highest degree, as the interview which followed attested.

"So you serve the Emperor of Russia?" exclaimed Napoleon to General Winzingerode, as soon as he perceived him; "and who gave you permission so to do? You are then a deserter! I must find you everywhere. But your fate is drawing to a close. What business had you in Moscow? You wanted to spy about, aye?"

"No, Sire, I confided in the honour of your troops."

"And what did you want with my troops?" continued the Emperor. "Now see to what a condition Moscow is reduced by some fifty of your stamp. But with me the struggle is unequal. In six weeks I am in Petersburg. You madman! 'tis you who have been the author of all these massacres which have filled me with horror at every step of the road. You persuaded the Emperor Alexander to war with me. But your time is come. Advance, gendarmes: let him be shot—let him be shot, I say. Be you Saxon or Bavarian, I am still your Sovereign, and you are my subject."

Calm, and proudly standing with his head erect, Winzingerode replied:—"For twenty years I have been awaiting my death from a French bullet. My resolution is taken. My wife and children are provided for:—Alexander will protect them!"

Stamping with his foot, Napoleon reiterated the order for his execution, when suddenly he paused, and said: "But no; let him be put upon his trial. If he be either Bavarian or Saxon, let him be shot: if he be neither, 'tis another matter. He then approached me with the words: "You are Monsieur de Narischkin, son of the Grand Chamberlain. This is a different affair. You are a brave man and fulfil your duty. But how is it that you can serve with such men as that? Serve with your Russians, well and good!" He then turned upon his heel and ordered us to be led off.

I had felt uneasy at seeing thus, for the first time, the giant who shook the world in such a fury of passion. I felt as though I was moving with the corpse of Winzingerode; and as we turned an angle of the road, I expected to see him pierced with balls. We entered a hovel. I was about to approach the highly-estimable man, to whom my heart inclined me as to a second father, to bid farewell, and to receive his last commands, when General Rapp entered, ordered us to be separated, and me to be taken to General Count Monthion, Sous-Chef Major-General of the Grand Army. Compelled to obey, it was with difficulty I withdrew from the spot where I imagined I was parting for ever from the man to whom I was so attached. Count Monthion behaved very politely to me. I was scarcely seated at his table, when, through the Adjutant Menon, if I am not mistaken, I received from the Emperor the invitation to his. Napoleon occupied the only remaining entire house. The Old Guard bivouacked in squares on the market-place. The grenadiers à cheval mounted guard. I sat between the Grand Master of the Palace, the Duke de Frioul, and the Duke de Vicenza, and saw myself loaded with attentions by those gentlemen. The Emperor ordered me to be invited to his breakfast-table, but I did not avail myself of this mark of favour; and was then intrusted to the protection of the Quartermaster-General Kreuzer, who treated me in every respect as politely as did all the other gentlemen. The Adjutants also of the Prince of Neuchâtel emulated with each other in anticipating all my wishes, and earned just claims to my best thanks for the interest they evinced for my misfortune. I was put on my parole not to attempt escape. I gave it from necessity. As upon passing the town of Wiasma, which was nothing but a heap of ruins, the French army attacked in the rear, prepared for action, I was transferred to the Corps of Westphalia, commanded by the Duke of Abrantes, with whom I remained some time.

Winzingerode, in the meantime, treated as a rebellious subject, threatened by General Rapp with execution, was brought, after several examinations, before General Berthier, who inquired of him, "whether or not he was a subject of the Rhenish Confederation?"

Winzingerode replied,—

"Born in a Prussian garrison, and as the son of an officer in the Prussian service, he did not consider himself as such."

Berthier put several other questions to him, at one of which, Winzingerode getting too warm, was urged by Berthier, with a gentle push, to be silent, while he said to him,—

"Be still; he is present."

And in effect, Napoleon stood behind the half-open door.

It was at length decided that he should not be shot, but should remain a prisoner; and that once more together we should both be sent to Metz in confinement.

I was informed of all these circumstances just as I had given up all hope of ever seeing my old chief again, and deemed him already pierced with their bullets, when I suddenly recognised him returning under escort. I threw myself into his arms, and expressed my happiness and joy at the turn which things had taken.

In this manner we travelled to Smolensk, under escort of cavalry; and from thence by post in a courier calesche, which I had purchased, under an escort of gendarmes. Napoleon's orders were to take us to Wilna with all speed. A General of Landwehr, and a Cossack Captain, both prisoners, and each guarded by gendarmes, joined us as fellow travellers.

Arrived at a place between Minsk and Wilna, I think it was Boduschki-vitschi, the gendarme declared to us, "that he was frozen, and must have a couple of hours' rest." At day-break we proceeded, and overtook, a few versts in advance, a convoy, consisting of several baggage and ammunition waggons, escorted by gendarmes. On a sudden, Winzingerode awoke me with the words, "My dear friend, yonder I see Cossacks on the high road." "Ah!" I replied, "'tis but a fancy. There is no hope for us; besides, the grenadiers are scarcely a hundred yards behind us."

At length, however, looking with greater attention, I saw effectively some horsemen on the high road before us. The driver observed them also, and pulled up. The gendarmes, however, could not perceive them, as they sat with their backs to the vehicle, and wrapped in their cloaks, could not command a view of the road. Our hearts beat audibly in our bosoms, as we soon recognised the Cossacks, to whom we told our names. We were instantly surrounded by several of them. The disarmed gendarmes begged for their lives. We bundled them together in the calesche, and one of the Cossacks gave up his horse to the General to ride back, while he seated himself on the driving-box. We now learned that the regiment, 250 strong, under the orders of Major Panteljeff, belonged to the corps of Tchitschakoff, and was then under the command of Col. Czernitschew, the present Minister of War. Czernitschew, with the intention of joining the army of Count Wittgenstein, in the neighbourhood of Polotsk, had early in the morning crossed the high road, and dismounted his men in the adjacent forest to refresh, having ordered the officer Dulkim to remain on the road in order to observe what was passing; and our lucky stars



would so have it, that this occurred just as we, and near about fifteen waggons, came the same way.

Czernitscheff, on arriving at the farm-house, was not a little surprised to meet Winzingerode, of whose capture he was ignorant, thus alone in the midst of the enemy's army, consisting of the corps of the Marshals St. Cyr and Oudinot. The first consideration was to extricate ourselves from this dilemma as speedily as possible; but in a country wholly friendly in their feeling towards the French, this was no easy matter, in which every village, every gentleman's seat, contained either its salaried spy, or some remaining military as safeguard. Nevertheless, through the skill of Col. Czernitscheff, and with the help of a few night marches, through bye-ways and cross-roads, inaccessible to any other troops, we reached happily the outposts of Count Wittgenstein, and returned thanks to heaven for our delivery.

### DUMAS IN ITALY.

(Concluded from last week.)

M. Dumas arrives at Florence without any such disagreeable adventure as sleeping in a coach-house.

There are but three classes visible in Florence. The nobility—the foreigner—and the people. The nobility, a few princely houses excepted, spend but little, and it would be a marvel how these last lived if it were not for the foreigner. Every autumn brings them their harvest in the shape of a swarm of travellers from England, France, or Russia, and we may now add, America. The winter pays for the long delicious indolence of the summer. Then the populace lounges, with interminable leisure, in their churches, on their promenades, round the doors of coffee-houses that are never closed either day or night; they follow their religious processions; they cluster with an easy good-natured curiosity round every thing that wears the appearance of a fête; taking whatever amusement presents itself, without caring to detain, and quitting it without the least distrust that some other quite as good will occupy its place. "One evening we were roused," says our traveller, "by a noise in the street: two or three musicians of the opera, on leaving the theatre, had taken a fancy to go home playing a waltz. The scattered population of the streets arranged themselves and followed waltzing. The men who could find no better partners, waltzed together. Five or six hundred persons were enjoying this impromptu ball, which kept its course from the opera-house to the Port del Prato, where the last musician resided. The last musician having entered his house, the waltzers returned arm-in-arm, still humming the air to which they had been dancing."

"It follows," continues M. Dumas, "from this commercial apathy, that at Florence you must seek after every thing you want. It never comes of itself before you—everything there stays at home—rests in its own place. A foreigner who should remain only a month in the capital of Tuscany would carry away a very false idea of it. At first it seems impossible to procure the things the most indispensable, or those you do procure are bad; it is only after some time that you learn, and that not from the inhabitants, but from other foreigners who have resided there longer than yourself, where anything is to be got. At the end of six months you are still making discoveries of this sort; so that people generally quit Tuscany at the time they have learned to live there. It results from all this that every time you visit Florence you like it the better; if you should revisit it three or four times you would probably end by making of it a second country, and passing there the remainder of your lives."

Shall we visit the churches of Florence with M. Dumas? No, we are not in the vein. Shall we go with him to the theatres—to the opera—to the Pergola? Yes, but not to discuss the music or the dancing. Every body knows that at the great theatres of Italy the fashionable part of the audience pay very little attention to the music, unless it be a new opera, but make compensation by listening devoutly to the ballet. The Pergola is the great resort of fashion. A box at the Pergola, and a carriage for the banks of the Arno, are the *indispensables*, we are told, at Florence. Who has these, may eat his macaroni where he pleases—may dine for sixpence if he will, or can; it is his own affair, the world is not concerned about it—he is still a gentleman, and ranks with nobles. Who has them not—though he be derived from the loins of Emperors, and dine every day off plate of gold, and with a dozen courses—is still nobody. Therefore regulate your expenditure accordingly, all ye who would be somebody. We go with M. Dumas to the opera, not, as we have said, for the music or the dancing, but because, as is the way with dramatic authors, he will there introduce us, for the sake of contrast with an institution very different from that of an operatic company—

"Sometimes in the midst of a cavatina or a *pas-de-deux*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, excoriating sound will be heard; it is the bell *della misericordia*. Listen: if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident; if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sounds three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, will quietly take his hat and depart. You inquire what that bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell *della misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order.

"This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1244, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town, and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration, except in its details—with none in its purely charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, who represent the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added 500 labourers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people.

"The seat of the brotherhood is in the place *del Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the penitents, with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately that the news of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is upon guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or thrice, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has claimed his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and a broad hat, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery has called him. If it is some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel: the nobleman and the day labourer, clothed with the same robe, support together the same litter, and the link which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who, knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around

them, and always, on some worm-eaten piece of furniture, there will be found a pious alms, deposited by an unknown hand.

"The Grand-duke himself is a member of this fraternity, and I have been assured that more than once, at the sound of that melancholy bell, he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-labourer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had afterwards been detected only by the alms he had left behind."

It is not to be supposed that our dramatist pursues the same direct and unadventurous route that lies open to every citizen of Paris and London. At the end of the first volume we leave him still at Florence: we open the second, and we find him and his companion Jadin, and his companion's dog Milord, standing at the port of Naples, looking out for some vessel to take them to Sicily. So that we have travels in Italy with Rome left out. Not that he did not visit Rome, but that we have no "souvenirs" of his visit here. As the book is a mere *capriccio*, there can be no possible objection taken to it on this score. Besides, the island of Sicily, which becomes the chief scene of his adventures, is less beaten ground. Nor do we hear much of Naples, for he quits Naples almost as soon as he had entered it. This last fact requires explanation.

M. Dumas has had the honour to be an object of terror or of animosity to crowned heads. When at Genoa, his Sardinian Majesty manifested his hostility to M. Dumas—we presume on account of his too liberal politics—by dispatching an emissary of the police to notify to him that he must immediately depart from Genoa. Which emissary of his Sardinian Majesty had no sooner delivered his royal sentence of deportation, than he extended his hand for a *pour boire*. Either M. Dumas must be a far more formidable person than we have any notion of, or majesty can be very nervous, or very spiteful. And now, when he is about to enter Naples—but why do we presume to relate M. Dumas's personal adventures in any other language than his own? or language as near his own as we—who are, we must confess, imperfect translators—can hope to give.

"The very evening of our arrival at Naples, Jadin and I ran to the port to enquire if by chance any vessel, whether steam-boat or sailing packet would leave on the morrow for Sicily. As it is not the ordinary custom for travellers to go to Naples to remain there a few hours only, let me say a word on the circumstance that compelled us to this hasty departure.

"We had left Paris with the intention of traversing the whole of Italy, including Sicily and Calabria; and, putting this project into scrupulous execution, we had already visited Nice, Genoa, Milan, Florence, and Rome, when, after a sojourn of three weeks at this last city, I had the honour to meet, at the Marquis de P—'s, our own *chargé des affaires*, the Count de Ludorf, the Neapolitan ambassador. As I was to leave in a few days for Naples, the Marquis introduced me to his brother in diplomacy. M. de Ludorf received me with that cold and vacant smile which pledges to nothing; nevertheless, after this introduction, I thought myself bound to carry to him our passports myself. M. de Ludorf had the civility to tell me to deposit the passports at his office, and to call there for them the day after the morrow.

"Two days having elapsed, I accordingly presented myself at the office: I found a clerk there, who, with the utmost politeness, informed me that some difficulties having arisen on the subject of my *visa*, I had better make an application to the ambassador himself. I was obliged, therefore, whatever resolution I had made to the contrary, to present myself again to M. de Ludorf.

"I found the ambassador more cold, more measured than before; but reflecting that it would probably be the last time I should have the honour of seeing him, I resigned myself. He motioned me to take a chair. This was some improvement upon the last visit; the last visit he left me standing.

"'Monsieur,' said he, with a certain air of embarrassment, and drawing out, one after the other, the folds of his shirt-front, 'I regret to say that you cannot go to Naples.'

"'Why so?' I replied, determined to impose upon our dialogue whatever tone I thought fit—'are the roads so bad?'

"'No, monsieur; the roads are excellent, but you have the misfortune to be on the list of those who cannot enter the kingdom of Naples.'

"'However honourable such a distinction may be, monsieur l'ambassadeur,' said I, suiting my tone to the words, 'it will at present be rather inconvenient, and I trust you will permit me to inquire into the cause of this prohibition. If it is nothing but one of those slight and vexatious interruptions which one meets with perpetually in Italy, I have some friends about the world who might have influence sufficient to remove it.'

"'The cause is one of a grave nature, and I doubt if your friends, of whatever rank they may be, will have influence to remove it.'

"'What may it be?'

"'In the first place, you are the son of General Matthieu Dumas, who was minister of War at Naples during the usurpation of Joseph.'

"'I am sorry,' I answered, 'to be able to decline any relationship with that illustrious general. My father was not General Matthieu, but General Alexandre Dumas. The same,' I continued, seeing that he was endeavouring to recall some reminiscences connected with the name of Dumas, 'who, after having been made prisoner at Tarentum, in contempt of the rights of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi, with Mauscourt and Dolomieu, in contempt of the rights of nations. This happened, monsieur l'ambassadeur, at the same time that they hanged Carracciolo in the Gulf of Naples. You see I do all I can to assist your recollection.'

"'M. de Ludorf bit his lips.

"'Well, monsieur,' he resumed after a moment's silence, 'there is a second reason—your political opinions. You are marked out as a republican, and have quitted Paris, it is said, on some political design.'

"'To which I answer, monsieur, by showing you my letters of introduction. They bear nearly all the seals and signatures of our ministers. Here is one from the Admiral Jacob, another from Marshal Soult, another from M. de Villmain; they claim for me the aid of the French ambassador in any case of this description.'

"'Well, well,' said M. de Ludorf, 'since you have foreseen the very difficulty that has occurred, meet it with those means which are in your power. For me, I repeat, I cannot sign your passport. Those of your companions are quite regular; they can proceed when they please; but they must proceed without you.'

"'Has the Count de Ludorf,' said I, rising, 'any commissions for Naples?'

"'Why so, monsieur?'

"'Because I shall have great pleasure in undertaking them.'

"'But I repeat, you cannot go to Naples.'

"'I shall be there in three days.'

"'I wished M. de Ludorf good morning, and left him stupified at my assurance.'

Our dramatical traveller ran immediately to a young friend, an artist then



studying at Rome, and prevailed on him to take out a passport, in his own name, for Naples. Fortified with this passport, and assuming the name of his friend, he left Rome that evening. The following day he reached Naples. But as he was exposed every moment to detection, it was necessary that he should pass over immediately to Sicily. The steam-boats at Naples, unlike the steam-boats every where else, start at no fixed period. The captain waits for his contingent of passengers, and till this has been obtained both he and his vessel are immovable. M. Dumas and his companion, therefore, hired a small sailing vessel, a *speronara* as it is called, in which they embarked the next morning. But before weighing anchor M. Dumas took from his portfolio the neatest, purest, whitest, sheet of paper that it contained, and indited the following letter to the Count de Ludorf:—

"Monsieur le Comte,—I am distressed that your excellency did not think fit to charge me with your commissions for Naples. I should have executed them with a fidelity which would have convinced you of the grateful recollection I retain of your kind offices.

"Accept, M. le Comte, the assurance of those lively sentiments which I entertain towards you, and of which, one day or other, I hope to give you proof.

"Naples, 23d Aug., 1835."

"ALEX. DUMAS."

With the crew of this *speronara* we became as familiar as with the personages of a novel; and, indeed, about this time the novelist begins to predominate over the tourist.

On leaving the bay of Naples our traveller first makes for the island of Capri. The greatest curiosity which he here visits and describes is the *azure grotto*. He and his companion are rowed, each in a small skiff, to a narrow dark aperture upon the rocky coast, and which appears the darker from its contrast with the white surf that is dashing about it. He is told to lie down on his back in the boat, to protect his head from a concussion against the low roof.

"In a moment after I was borne upon the surge—the bark glided on with rapidity—I saw nothing but a dark rock, which seemed for a second to be weighing on my chest. Then on a sudden I found myself in a grotto so marvellous that I uttered a cry of astonishment, and started up in my admiration with a bound which endangered the frail bark on which I stood.

"I had before me, around me, above me, beneath me, a perfect enchantment, which words cannot describe, and which the pencil would utterly fail to give any impression of. Imagine an immense cavern, all pure azure—as if God had made a tent there with some residue of the firmament; a surface of water so limpid, so transparent, that you seem to float on air: above you, the pendant stalactites, huge and fantastical, reversed pyramids and pinnacles: below you a sand of gold mingled with marine vegetation; and around the margin of the cave, where it is bathed by the water, the coral shooting out its capricious and glittering branches. That narrow entrance which, from the sea, showed like a dark spot, now shone at one end a luminous point, the solitary star which gave its subdued light to this fairy palace; whilst at the opposite extremity a sort of alcove led on the imagination to expect new wonders, or perhaps the apparition of the nymph or goddess of the place.

"In all probability the azure grotto was unknown to the ancients. No poet speaks of it; and surely with their marvellous imagination the Greeks could not have failed to make it the palace of some marine goddess, and to have transmitted to us her history. The sea, perhaps, was higher than it is now, and the secrets of this cave were known only to Amphitrite and her court of sirens, naiads, and tritons.

"Even now at times the sea rises and closes the orifice, so that those who have entered cannot escape. In which case they must wait till the wind, which had suddenly shifted to the east or west, returns to the north or south; and it has happened that visitors who came to spend twenty minutes in the azure grotto, have remained there two, three, and even four days. To provide against such an emergency, the boatmen always bring with them a certain quantity of biscuit to feed the prisoners; and as the rock affords fresh water in several places, there is no fear of thirst. It was not till we had been in the grotto some time that our boatmen communicated this piece of information; we were disposed to reproach them for this delay, but they answered with the utmost simplicity, that if they told this at first to travellers, half of them would decline coming, and this would injure the boatmen.

"I confess that this little piece of information raised a certain disquietude, and I found the azure grotto infinitely less agreeable to the imagination. . . . We again laid ourselves down at the bottom of our respective canoes, and issued forth with the same precautions, and the same good fortune, with which we had entered. But we were some minutes before we could open our eyes; the burning sun upon the glittering ocean absolutely blinded us. We had not gone many yards, however, before the eye recovered itself, and all that we had seen in the azure grotto had the consistency of a dream."

From Capri our travellers proceed to Sicily. We have a long story and a violent storm upon the passage, and are landed at Messina. Here M. Dumas enlarges his experience by an acquaintance with the *Sirocco*. His companion, M. Jadin, had been taken ill, and a physician had been called in.

"The doctor had ordered that the patient (who was suffering under a fever) should be exposed to all the air possible, that doors and windows should be opened, and he should be placed in the current. This was done; but on the present evening, to my astonishment, instead of the fresh breeze of the night—which was wont to blow the fresher from our neighbourhood to the sea—there entered at the open window a dry hot wind like the air from a furnace. I waited for the morning, but the morning brought no change in the state of the atmosphere.

"My patient had suffered greatly through the night. I rang the bell for some lemonade, the only drink the doctor had recommended; but no one answered the summons. I rang again, and a third time: still no one came; at length seeing that the mountain would not come to me, I went to the mountain. I wandered through the corridor, and entered apartment after apartment, and found no one to address. It was nine o'clock in the morning, yet the master and mistress of the house had not left their room, and not a domestic was at his post. It was quite incomprehensible.

"I descended to the portico; I found him lying on an old sofa all in tatters, the principal ornament of his room, and asked him why the house was thus deserted.

"Ah, monsieur!" said he, "do you not feel the *sirocco*?"

"Sirocco or not, is this a reason why no one should come when I call?"

"Oh, monsieur, when it is *sirocco* no one does any thing!"

"And your travellers, who is to wait upon them?"

"On those days they wait upon themselves."

"I begged pardon of this respectable official for having disturbed him; he heaved such a sigh as indicated that it required a great amount of Christian charity to grant the pardon I had asked.

"The hour arrived when the doctor should have paid his visit, and no doctor came. I presumed that the *sirocco* detained him also; but as the state of

Jadin appeared to me alarming, I resolved to go and rouse my Esculapius, and bring him, willing or unwilling, to the hotel. I took my hat and sallied forth.

"Messina had the appearance of a city of the dead: not an inhabitant was walking in the streets, not a head was seen at the windows. The mendicants themselves (and he who has not seen the Sicilian mendicant, knows not what wretchedness is,) lay in the corners of the streets, stretched out, doubled up, panting, without strength to stretch out their hand for charity, or voice to ask an alms. Pompeii, which I visited three months afterwards, was not more silent, more solitary, more inanimate.

"I reached the doctor's. I rang, I knocked, no one answered. I pushed against the door, it opened;—I entered, and pursued my search for the doctor.

"I traversed three or four apartments. There were women lying upon sofas, and children sprawling on the floor. Not one even raised a head to look at me. At last, in one of the rooms, the door of which was, like the rest, half-open, I found the man I was in quest of, stretched upon his bed.

"I went up to him, I took him by the hand, and felt his pulse.

"Ah," said he, with a melancholy voice, and scarcely turning his head towards me, "Is that you? What can you want?"

"Want?—I want you to come and see my friend, who is no better, as it seems to me."

"Go and see your friend!" cried the doctor, in a fright—"impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"He made a desperate effort to move, and taking his cane in his left hand, passed his right hand slowly down it, from the golden head that adorned it to the other extremity. 'Look you,' said he, 'my cane sweats.'

"And, in fact, there fell some globules of water from it, such an effect has this terrible wind even on inanimate things.

"Well," said I, "and what does that prove?"

"That proves, that at such a time as this, there are no physicians, all are patients."

Seeing there was no chance of bringing the doctor to the hotel, unless he carried him there by main force, Mr. Dumas contented himself with relating the symptoms of his friend. To drink lemonade—much lemonade—all the lemonade he could swallow, was the only prescription that the physician gave. And the simple remedy seems to have sufficed; for the patient shortly after recovered.

Not the least agreeable portion of these travels, is the pleasant impression they leave of the traveller himself, one who has his humours doubtless, but who is social, buoyant, brave, generous, and enterprising. A Frenchman—as a chemist, in his peculiar language, would say—is a creature "endowed with a considerable range of affinity." Our traveller has this range of affinity; he wins the heart of all and several—the crew of his *speronara*. We will close with the following extract, both because it shows the frank and lively feelings of the Frenchman, and because it introduces a name dear to all lovers of melody. The father of Bellini was a Sicilian, and Dumas was in Sicily.

"It was while standing on this spot, that I asked my guide if he knew the father of Bellini. At this question he turned, and pointing out to me an old man who was passing in a little carriage drawn by one horse—'Look you,' said he, 'there he is, taking his ride into the country!'

"I ran to the carriage and stopped it, knowing that he is never intrusive who speaks to a father of his son, and of such a son as Bellini's. At the first mention of his name, the old man took me by both hands, and asked me eagerly if I really knew his son. I drew from my portfolio a letter of introduction, which, on my departure from Paris, Bellini had given me for the Duchess de Noja, and asked him if he knew the handwriting. He took the letter in his hands, and answered only by kissing the superscription.

"Ah," said he, turning round to me, "you know not how good he is! We are not rich. Well, at each success there comes some remembrance, something to add to the ease and comfort of an old man. If you will come home with me, I will show you how many things I owe to his goodness. Every success brings something new. This watch I carry with me, was from *Norma*; this little carriage and horse, from the *Puritans*. In every letter that he writes, he says that he will come; but Paris is far from Sicily. I do not trust to this promise—I am afraid that I shall die without seeing him again. You will see him, you—"

"Yes," I answered, "and if you have any commission—"

"No—what should I send him!—My blessing!—Dear boy, I give it him night and morning. But tell him you have given me a happy day by speaking to me of him—tell him that I embraced you as an old friend—(and he embraced me)—but you need not say that I was in tears. Besides," he added, "it is with joy that I weep.—And is it true that my son has a reputation?"

"Indeed a very great reputation."

"How strange!" said the old man, "who would have thought it, when I used to scold him, because, instead of working, he would be eternally beating time, and teaching his sister all the old Sicilian airs! Well, these things are written above. I wish I could see him before I die.—But your name!" he added, "I have forgotten all this time to ask your name."

"I told him: it woke no recollection."

"Alexandre Dumas, Alexandre Dumas," he repeated two or three times, "I shall recollect that he who bears that name has given me good news of my son. Adieu! Alexandre Dumas—I shall recollect that name—Adieu!"

"Poor old man! I am sure he has not forgotten it; for the news I gave him of his son was the last he was ever to receive."

Sicily is one of those romantic countries, where you may still meet with ad-

\* The extreme misery of the paupers in Sicily, who form, he tells us, a tenth part of the population, quite haunts the imagination of M. Dumas. He recurs to it several times. At one place he witnesses the distribution, at the door of a convent, of soup to these poor wretches, and gives a terrible description of the famine-stricken group. "All these creatures," he continues, "had eaten nothing since yesterday evening. They had come there to receive their porridge of soup, as they had come to-day, as they would come to-morrow. This was all their nourishment for twenty-four hours, unless some of them might obtain a few *grani* from their fellow-citizens, or the compassion of strangers; but this is very rare, as the Syracusans are familiarized with the spectacle, and few strangers visit Syracuse. When the distributor of this blessed soup appeared, there were unheeded cries, and each one rushed forward with his wooden bowl in his hand. Only there were some too feeble to exclaim, or to run, and who dragged themselves forward, groaning, upon their hands and knees. There was in the midst of all, a child clothed, not in anything that could be called a shirt, but a kind of spider's web, with a thousand holes, who had no wooden bowl, and who wept with hunger. It stretched out its poor little meagre hands, and joined them together, to supply as well as it could, by this natural receptacle, the absent bowl. The cook poured in a spoonful of the soup. The soup was boiling, and burned the child's hand. It uttered a cry of pain, and was compelled to open its fingers, and the soup fell upon the pavement. The child threw itself on all fours, and began to eat in the manner of a dog."

And in another place he says, "Alas, this cry of hunger! it is the eternal cry of Sicily; I have heard nothing else for three months. There are miserable wretches, whose hunger has never been appeased, from the day when, lying in their cradle, they began to draw the milk from their exhausted mothers, to the last hour when, stretched on their bed of death, they have expired endeavouring to swallow the sacred host which the priest had laid upon their lips. Horrible to think of! there are human beings to whom, to have eaten once sufficiently, would be a remembrance for all their lives to come."



ventures in your travels, where you may be shot at by banditti with pointed hats and long guns. M. Dumas passes not without his share of such adventures. Perhaps, as Sicily is less trodden ground than Italy, his "Souvenirs" will be found more interesting as he proceeds. We have naturally taken our quotations in the order in which they presented themselves, and we have not advanced further than the second of the five delectably small volumes in which these travels are printed. Would our space permit us to proceed, it is probable that our extracts would increase, instead of diminishing, in interest.

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

KING HENRY II.

"O, beware of Jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on."

SHAKESPEARE.

Componitur orbis  
Regis ad exemplum; nec sic inflectere sensus  
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.

CLAUDIAN.

In the royal castle of Chinon, and in its most royal apartment, there is a dead body exposed. It is without watchers or attendants, there is no vestige of any rank, honour, or possession which might have appertained to it in life; it is marked only by a dignified expression of countenance, mingled, however, with traces of excessive grief and great mental agony. The mouth is partly open, the eyes wholly so; the hands are wide stretched, and the fingers are spread. Poor wretch! He must have endured much, and seems to have been friendless! Yet he is evidently more than an ordinary man, nay he must have had command over others, in some part of his life. Alas! What a fate, to be utterly deserted in death, a death perhaps of despair!

It was a death of despair! That broken-hearted and deserted man, who now lies, a corpse and alone, in a kingly hall, is Henry Plantagenet, late King of England and ruler over the finest provinces of France! It is but a few hours ago that his disquiet life was brought to a premature close by the discovery of crime against which the affections and the feelings revolt, as it were by instinct; a crime against which he had long battled manfully, but which had now become manifest in its most aggravated form. He died of filial ingratitude! He had felt

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child,"

and, selfish and ambitious as had been his own life, eagerly as he had pursued his own worldly ends, greatly as he had accumulated power and dominion, much as he had become feared by contemporary princes,—all had been too little to soothe him against those "carking cares," that gnawing feeling, that continually overpowering reflection that all his honours, his power, and his wide domains were obtained for children who were dragging them from him by force of arms and bold-faced rebellion. A Plantagenet has, at length, by policy and by arms, arrived at a crown, the highest earthly dignity which man can reach, and behold the first fruits of his labours and schemes!

But, soft! This is a spectacle to muse on, yet that it may be profitable reflection, it will be necessary to trace back the course of events. The dead and deserted body of a king may indeed afford a lesson to ambition; the beholder may mournfully exclaim with the bard

"How much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A Kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough;"

but the life of Henry Plantagenet, and his social relations, present a lesson to every passion of the human heart, and shew that the vices of mankind are not unfrequently themselves the rods to punish our transgressions. How little is this all imperious and all-grasping Henry now to be envied! How bootless were his early strifes against the usurper Stephen, how vain his contests against ecclesiastical power, how insufficient is his acquired dominion over Ireland, how helpless in last hours are the possessions and the vassals which he has accumulated in France, how small a consolation does the distant glance of his mind towards his throne in England afford him! All these are blanks. One subject possessed him wholly in his latest hours; it scorched and withered his soul. His children had risen up against him, and even the favourite of his age was among their number.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable. But whether it be the Divine will to allow the worldly prosperity of the evil man to continue through life, and extend to the grave; or whether it be purposed to make him feel, even in this world, the consequences of his own wickedness; in either case the wretch is still in the hands of One who for every act or thought will demand a strict account in the end; and, "who may abide the day of his coming?" The lives of Princes are not so frequently used by the moralist as by the historian; the records of public action are stuck more prominently forward than those of private feeling and emotion; yet the career of the first king of the house of Plantagenet is too remarkable to be passed by unnoticed.

Henry Plantagenet had been bred to court intrigue and cabal from his very birth. The alliance of his father with the ex-empress Matilda was one of ambition; he had never loved his wife, nor was she a loveable woman, for she was haughty, insolent, and overbearing; but she was a king's daughter, and the Earl of Anjou saw that by marriage with her, the brows of his descendants might be encircled by a crown. By a crown! How dazzling the thought, yet how bitter the reality! How glorious in anticipation, but how disappointing in the possession! Nay, from what apparently unexpected causes may the chalice be dashed from the lips of the aspirant who is ready to imbibe the intoxicating draught of power, regardless of the unpalatable dregs which lie at the bottom! Geoffrey Plantagenet married an odious woman for the sake of England's crown; he fought for it during seventeen arduous and vexatious years, and he died without either attaining it or seeing sufficient hope that it might de-

volve upon his offspring. So much for his ambition! Yet did this passion predominate in his bosom, and was the ruling one in his death.

The ex-empress and defeated claimant of the throne of England returned discomfited to her husband's territory, where she also continued to implant lessons of ambition to her son, and taught him that dominion and power were worth the purchase at any price. The idea was too pleasing in itself and too consonant to the spirit of the age to be met, by him, with any repugnance; and indeed his first great step proved that his heart was mainly if not solely open to that feeling.

"You must look out for a powerful alliance, my son," was the advice of his haughty mother. "Madam, I have so looked," was the prompt reply. "And who, and who," said the astonished Matilda, "is the maid, whose appanage is to aid thee? Why hast thou not apprised me of this, and how knowest thou that I shall approve thy choice?"

"Nay, Madam," returned the youth, who was scarcely nineteen years old, "I have not chosen for dalliance' sake, these iron times do not permit such follies; no simple maiden have I leisure to entertain; I have sought to strengthen my hand, and dear mother I trust that the wife I ask will be the means to win us England's crown."

"But who, presumptuous boy," said the angry empress, "hast thou dared to think of, without consulting me?"

"Even one," replied the young earl, "who, whilst she enriches me, and adds a fair present dominion to my sway, will diminish the pride and power of Louis, and bend him to my purposes; and who can raise a host by aid of which I will yet shake the usurper Stephen from the throne of my honoured grandsire, and place thee on it my dear mother. She is—I must confess—one, one whom thou wilt hardly approve in some respects; but,—with such a stake as we have, mother, we must not be too nice in the means to achieve it."

"But—the name—the name," urged the impatient princess.

"Why—Eleanor of Aquitaine—is a good name," replied he. "She has a fair domain and still fairer claims which may in good time be made. True, she is divorced from Louis, but conscience, mother, there is no replying to the dictates of conscience. She was within the prescribed degrees of relationship, and she retires from an illegal marriage, with all her dower returned to her, mother."

"Henry," said his mother, "thou dost indeed prove the reality of thine opinion, in despising *riches* of means to the end. What? Eleanor of Aquitaine, infamous both here and in Palestine for her gallantries and her licentiousness? She, twice thine age, the mother of women, the outcast of men, the despised of all, must such a one become the wife of the Earl of Anjou, the future queen of England, and—sit in my seat, in my royal seat! Shame on thee Henry, where is thy honour and thy manhood, that thou wouldst thus bestow thyself on a castaway!"

"Content you, mother," replied the prince, who had already begun to exhibit the independence of his action; "content you that our affairs require this measure. Tibald of Blois seeks her in marriage, and her consent would secure England to his brother; my brother Geoffrey seeks her, and her possessions would aggrandise him whilst they would depress me; the whole young nobility of France are eager for her hand, for that and her dominions would turn the scale of any of their fortunes. They beset her on every hand, but her inclinations are mine. Mother, give your consent to that which must assuredly take place, and let it be the first great pledge of reliance, that we shall yet sway the English sceptre."

Matilda was perplexed; she burned to avenge her defeats in England, for all the pride of all her race was concentrated within her own heart; but that very pride revolted at the idea of owing her vengeance to so unworthy an instrument. Her woman's pride, also, was piqued, for, virtuous herself, her thoughts recoiled against the alliance of her son, her hope and prop, with one who was a stain and disgrace to her sex. She had learnt that son's temper, however, and thought it better to divert than to oppose his will; she therefore said that she would consider the matter. But Henry had now passed the Rubicon; he had informed his fiery parent of his resolves, and these he set himself seriously to effect. In fact, so seriously, that within six weeks from the time that Eleanor of Aquitaine had ceased to be Queen of France, she was Countess of Anjou and Duchess of Normandy, by right of her young husband, whilst she was sovereign of Poitou and Aquitaine in her own right. Oh! Shame, where is thy blush, that a young and high-born prince, in whose heart honour should reign supreme, and who should dread a tarnish on a noble name, as the greatest misfortune that could befall his house, should pander thus to the worthless thirst of ambition and vengeance, should be regardless of the thousand domestic evils which are the inevitable attendants of such a course; and yet, in the awful consequences which ensued, should not be able to perceive the retributive hand of Providence, nor even to trace very natural effects to their very obvious causes!

Could Henry of England expect a tranquil life in his family, or a peaceable one in his political relations, under such circumstances as these? He never dreamt of either, for with all his sagacity—and he had much of it—he had more ambition and fewer scruples than any of his predecessors of the Anjou race, and indeed the times in which he lived presented little else than incidents of duplicity, over-reaching, or barefaced wrong. We hear no more of the irregularities in the conduct of Eleanor, but ere long she became as jealous of her younger husband, as her elder one had ever been of herself. In fact she had cause; and that cause formed an episode in the life of the monarch, which but for its unhallowed source would have been the most amiable trait in his character. His love for Rosamond Clifford was ardent, deep, devoted; and she returned his affection with all the ardour of an unsophisticated heart. It has at all times been the mistaken notion that the mistress of a king is greatly absolved from the guilt of her connexion; in the rough and coarse times in which



this unhappy lady lived that opinion peculiarly held sway, and had it not been for the jealousy of Eleanor it is probable that the world would have known as little concerning Fair Rosamond, as it does of the numbers who have had similar guilty distinction. The feelings of Henry himself were perhaps more vivid, and less selfish at the time he was first enamoured of this beautiful rose, than at any other period, for it was before he became a king; it continued many years, and the best and purest of his hours were when he could forget courts, camps, or domestic squabbles, and unfold his soul to one who loved him well but not wisely.

It is hard to destroy a romantic story which tradition loves to perpetuate through successive generations, but to speak historic truth it must be said that Queen Eleanor, though as jealous as conscious guilt could make her, did not destroy the unfortunate inhabitant of the Bower of Woodstock. She used that power over her lord to a different and still more mischievous end. With respect to the fair and erring Rosamond, time and reflection brought about in her a sense of her condition, and she retired into a religious house, of which she became the Superior. Many were the dissuasions of her Royal lover, but with her "once to doubt was once to be resolved;" she parted from him who was all to her, in order to make her peace with offended heaven; and he, in losing her, lost the greatest bond between himself and moderation. In losing her, he lost all he really loved, and a life of licentiousness, which was his from that time, made him a poor consolation, and left in his heart a void and hollow which time could never fill up.

Eleanor bore to her husband several children, but, like the offspring of Sin, as described by Milton, they seemed to be hell-born, and were enemies and tormentors of their own parents. But principally their father was the mark of their fell designs, in which the jealous, revengeful, and unprincipled Eleanor was frequently both the instigator and the chief coadjutor. Henry was already chafing under the opposition of the church, headed by a man who owed all his elevation to his royal master, and who testified his gratitude for innumerable favours by endeavouring to reduce the royal prerogative. The celebrated Thomas a-Becket laboured under the most bitter censures of some historians, and that censure which is modified by belief in his sincerity, by others. The latter is the far more probable state of the case, and although his opposition bore the outward stamp of ingratitude, it is but fair to believe that spiritual obedience had some share in it, as the latter was considered a duty of paramount importance. It will not be irrelevant to the affairs of Henry to make a few remarks on this subject.

The Popes proceeded gradually to extend their influence and enlarge their power, by passing from the assertion of spiritual jurisdiction over the whole Christian world to temporal interference. Among those Pontiffs the celebrated Gregory VII. was most conspicuous for the boldness with which he demanded, and for the constancy with which he upheld, for the church, the right of investiture; that is of putting the bishops of the Christian churches into possession of the temporalities or revenues of their respective sees. The Emperors of Germany had resisted, yet not successfully, this claim; but the English Kings—perhaps from their isolated situation, had held out, and Henry I. had battled the case vigorously in the case of Archbishop Anselm. But Anselm, though firm, was old, and Becket was an indomitable champion. King Henry II. resisted, as his grandfather Henry I. had done, and sustained the independence of his power, yet it cost him years of uneasiness and vexation; and though he maintained his principle it cost him the deepest humiliation and abasement; whilst his more direct opponent, though he lost his life in the quarrel, acquired the honours of canonization, and seldom was shrine more visited and venerated during the next two centuries than that of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

These, however, were but the beginnings of vexation; the next evil Henry may be said to have brought upon himself, although he did but ignite the combustibles which were ultimately to rend him to pieces. In those days of unsettled succession, when the strong arm was nearly as good a claim to dominion as hereditary right, and when the latter was obliged to use every precaution against the former, it was no unusual thing for the reigning monarch to proclaim his successor, and either to demand for him the sworn fealty of the crown vassals, have him crowned as by anticipation, or join him in the actual government; thus accustoming subjects to the familiar notion of the future King, and keeping before their recollections the solemn sanctity of an oath. This last plan was adopted by Henry Plantagenet toward his eldest surviving son Henry, a youth of hot and violent passions, of unruly temper, haughty and insolent, a true son of a bad mother, easily excited to mischief, and hardly known for a good-natured action or sentiment. And now the opportunity was found by Eleanor to wreak the vengeance of her jealous soul upon her husband. Guilty he was, no doubt, in the eye of offended heaven, but, like a prince of more modern times, she did not attack him with clean hands.

Hardly had the young prince received from his father the nominal joint sovereignty, as earnest of the future reality, when the Alecto, his mother, instigated him to demand of that father the absolute resignation of his crown and dignity, which it was asserted had been virtually ceded at the performance of these solemnities. The proud monarch, who was yet also in the strength of his years and of his intellects, spurned at and scorned the demand; whereupon the prince and his mother fled to France, to ask the assistance of that ruler, in compelling the compliance of Henry with their insolent requisitions. Could it be possible that a man could be found capable of granting such assistance as this peculiarly was? What! Receive at his court the woman he had divorced on account of well-authenticated licentious conduct! Receive her, and her son by a subsequent husband, both of whom were rebels in arms against that husband; and lend his aid to them in violation of all the rights of sovereignty, honour, and even manhood itself! Yet this did Louis of France, and all through jealousy—jealousy of another kind;—that, namely, of a powerful rivalry in

kingly authority, who could molest him with impunity when his affairs were undistracted, and who, besides his present immense territorial possessions in France, was likely enough to seek their enlargement at a fair opportunity, or even grasp at the throne of France itself.

In quick succession followed Richard and Geoffrey, the younger brothers of Henry. Towards their father they had never been taught to own respect; they perceived that their elder brother had received honours and possessions at his hands, and their eager souls and fierce spirits urged them in their turns to similar requisitions. Alas! too late the King discovered the heavy price which he had paid for his early power! Too late did he discover that extensive possessions will not cover depravity of conduct, and that the worldling, the sordid, or the ambitious, may be punished by the operations of their own hands. The firebrand Eleanor was consuming all around her without remorse, to avenge misdeeds of which she had set the first and most prominent examples. Prince Henry, his mother, and the brothers just mentioned, even together with the aid of France, could not shake the stability of Henry's throne, although they were able to keep him busily employed with regard to his French dominions; for the proper subjects of Eleanor were greatly attached to her and her house. Partly they affected to disbelieve much that was alleged against her, partly their chivalric gallantry induced them to stand firm in defence of their own native princess, when under the censures or attacked by the arms of other powers. Thus could she sustain her sons in their rebellious feelings, thus could she harass her husband, and thus could she stimulate even the man who had cast her off.

Happily for the peace of the world, such spirits as these cannot be true to themselves. In the protracted hostilities of this quarrel there had been wrung from King Henry unwilling gifts of principalities and earldoms in his gift in France to the insolent rebels against their father. These had been ceded at short intervals, which were called by the belligerents times of peace and reconciliation, but which were nothing better than truces, in which attempts were successively and successfully made to wring, from the persecuted and wronged English monarch, more and more of concession and gift. But presently the brood of serpents began to quarrel with each other about the disposal of the prey which they had gathered; and now were seen brother arrayed against brother, and one party or other assisting the King against the others. But the vindictive Eleanor was consistent in her animosity, and her part was constantly taken on that of the royal Henry's unfilial antagonist for the time being, the most uncompromising of whom was young Henry.

It has already been shown that although living in troublesome and violent times, when fraud and ambition were rife in all lands, and the milder virtues were almost held in contempt, yet Henry was not without a portion of the milk of human kindness in his breast. His love for Rosamond Clifford exhibited this, so also did his steady regard for his chosen favourite Becket, until it was impossible to be other than his adversary, and even to him he had extended clemency and kindness after he had been stung to the quick by that prelate. It was still farther perceptible in his conduct towards his misdirected and rebellious sons, to whom, in the midst of war, and in all the consciousness of their ingratitude, he was ever willing to listen; and to whom his bountiful hand was ever open, in the hope, however faint, that they might in the end be touched with remorse, and return with obedience to the love which in every act was manifested towards them.

Prince Henry continued inexorable until the latter hours preceding his early death. It was then that remorse touched his soul, and then he ordered that his submission should be as abject as his action had been odious. In the superstitious ideas of that day, that humiliation of the body was necessary to make the humiliation of the soul, he caused that all the outward marks of princely splendour should be taken from his person, that his neck should be dishonoured by putting a halter round it; that in such condition he should be laid upon a dunghill, where he would wait for the pardon which he longed for from his justly and long-offended father and King. This solace was denied him, for he expired before that ready and placable father could cast his pardoning arms around him.

And deep and bitter were the regrets of King Henry, for that child of error; yet they were mingled with the consolatory hope that as he had been the head and chief—save the virago their mother—in stirring up domestic broils, there was now some hope of a return to tranquillity. He never was more greatly mistaken! The fiery Richard's "little finger was thicker than his brother's loins;" his opposition was more vigorous, his action more constant, his animosity more grievous, and his ingratitude more monstrous. The turbulent Geoffrey also kept him constantly in agitation, nor did his death at an early age diminish the anxieties of the now deeply-depressed father, whose hopes of restored peace diminished daily.

Yet there was one bright, cherished spot, in Henry's existence, to which he fondly turned when cares and griefs oppressed him. The "child of his old age," his youngest son John, had never been mixed up in the strifes and heart-burnings which had been produced by the factions and outbreaks of his brothers. To John he purposed giving the lordship of his new conquest, Ireland, and towards him and his peaceable demeanour Henry looked with soothing reflection. Alas! Even here the canker worm had been secretly at work, the foundation of Henry's social structure had been covertly undermined, and the edifice was about to crumble about his head, dashing him to pieces in the ruins.

The war still raged; Louis, Richard, and Eleanor, continued to gain advantages over the dejected Henry; new terms were demanded, new powers were granted, and at length an article was proposed, by way of final amnesty, that the English monarch should grant an unconditional pardon to all who had taken part against him in these family disturbances. Anxious for peace, eager for a repose which he had almost ceased to hope for, Henry promptly acceded to the article, but as a matter of curiosity he desired to look over the list of those



whose offences were henceforth to be forgotten, whom he may hope to turn in future into faithful adherents. The scroll is given to him. What sees he at its head? His son, his beloved son John, heads the list of traitors! That son on whom he had lavished kindness, that oasis in his desert where all else was hot, pestilent, and barren! Can he believe his eyes? Is he not the victim of imposition? He reads no farther, but with imploring eyes and looks of anguish he asks, "Can this be so?" Unhappy king, unhappy father, the proofs of John's filial ingratitude and black treachery are made but too plain to him; the last link which tied him to the world had snapped, he fell backwards and hiding his face he exclaimed, "Enough, enough, I have no more to do with the world!" His heart was broken! He never more bore up against his children, but being taken to Chinon he there continued his complaint smingled with the bitterest maledictions on them and on himself. The shame of being overcome added to his grief at the general defection of his family, and soon brought about his death. Nor was there one to close the eyes of the afflicted monarch except the son of Rosamond Clifford.

Did not the vices of King Henry then bring down their own punishment on his head? And is he not a standing example to all generations? Yet let not unreflecting persons conclude that where punishment is not inflicted on earth, there is no guilt. The detestable Eleanor was for a time imprisoned and disgraced, yet she continued, after her release, to exert her influence over the dishonourable John, she lived to a great age, and as for her inward tortures, if she felt them, she were known only to her God and to herself.

And the curse of the great Plantagenet;—it stuck to the headlong Richard, the degenerate John, the weak and faithless Henry, son of the latter, nor can we name a direct descendant of that house who lived and died altogether exempted from the withering execration of the first royal branch of it. Well may reflection on the mutability of human happiness and the emptiness of ambition curb the over-loyal desire and make us exclaim that

"The post of honour is a private station;"

well may we resolve to discipline the desires and the passions betimes, with the example of a Henry and an Eleanor before our eyes, and feel conscious that there is no greater slavery than unrestrained liberty of action.

### A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.\*

BY T. HOOD.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,  
A Calais packet, just come over,  
And safely moor'd within the pier,  
Began to land her passengers at Dover;  
All glad to end their voyage long and rough,  
And during which,  
Through roll and pitch,  
The Ocean-King had sickophants enough!  
Away, as fast as they could walk or run,  
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,  
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,  
Away the passengers all went, but one,  
A female, who from some mysterious check,  
Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,  
As if she did not care for land a tittle,  
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—  
Or nervously afraid to put  
Her foot  
Into an isle described as tight and little.  
In vain commissioner and touter,  
Porter and waiter throng'd about her;  
Boring, as such officials only bore—  
In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and tuck,  
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,  
She couldn't, no, she wouldn't go on shore.  
"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,  
"The vessel must be cleared.  
You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!  
It's quite agin the orders so to do—  
And all the passengers is gone but you."  
Says she, "I cannot go ashore and won't!"  
"You ought to!"  
"But I can't!"  
"You must!"  
"I shan't!"  
At last, attracted by the racket,  
"Twixt gown and jacket,  
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,  
Begg'd very civilly to understand  
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.  
"Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,  
"That made the accents quiver,  
"I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,  
In short so many things, all contraband,  
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,  
In such a searching wind!"

### TIGERS AND TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

As we are now in the land of tigers, and shall have occasion, before we leave it, to record several encounters with these interesting *anthropophagi*, I shall, with the reader's permission, devote this chapter to a few remarks on the nature of the tiger, and the most approved methods of hunting him.

It was my lot to be stationed for some time in a part of the country infested by tigers, and I had, therefore, frequent opportunities of studying their habits, and witnessing their ravages. There were few of the poorer classes, inhabiting the villages in my neighbourhood, who had not lost a relation, either killed in attacking a tiger, or, as was more common, carried off by a man-eater. The number of cattle devoured yearly was also enormous, and the ruin thereby occasioned among the unfortunate *Ryots*,\* independent of the loss of human life, became so serious, that government was induced to offer a liberal reward for the

head of every tiger killed. Some idea may be formed of the havoc committed by tigers from the fact, that by official returns made to government, it appeared that in one district alone, three hundred men and five thousand head of cattle were destroyed in the course of three years, giving an average of one hundred men, and upwards of one thousand six hundred and sixty-six head of cattle per annum!

The general character of the tiger is that of a cowardly, treacherous, and bloodthirsty animal. But he occasionally displays extraordinary courage in his attack, and, when once in action, the obstinacy of his defence, and the silent game with which he dies, cannot be exceeded. The capricious nature of his ferocity sets at defiance all theories, founded on individual instances. One sits crouched in his lair till he is shot to pieces, dying like a sullen savage, without making any effort either to charge or to escape. Another avoids the combat at first, but, when wounded, becomes desperate, and fights to the last gasp. While a third will charge and attack the elephant before a shot has been fired. The sneaking, solitary man-eater—generally an old tigress—either makes off at the first alarm, and so eludes her pursuers; or lies close hid in some impenetrable thicket, from whence nothing but fire can drive her; and even when fire has been resorted to, I have known a tigress remain till half the hair was singed off her body before she could be induced to break cover. But let the rustle of a solitary footstep reach her ear, and the skulking brute is ready enough to come forth. She crawls to the edge of the thicket and looks around. It is only an unarmed traveller. The hungry devil knows well that he is any easy prey, for many a human skeleton lies bleached in her den; she creeps towards her unconscious victim with the soft and noiseless tread of a cat—her long tail switches from side to side—her sharp claws dart from their velvet sheath—the devil is roused within her, and glares in her flaming eyeballs—she throws herself forward with a lashing bound—and the stricken wretch is writhing in her fatal grasp; while, with closed eyes and a low growl, expressive of savage delight, she sucks the warm blood from his mangled throat.

A confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighbourhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal than man. When a tiger thus quarters himself, almost at the doors of the inhabitants, a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot cultivate their fields, but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well; and the persecuted labourers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with trembling speed, and uttering loud yells, in hopes of scaring their hidden foe.

Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day, some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning—and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zittar, and the merry laugh of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks.

At length the patient Hindoo is roused to desperation. The young men of the village—each trusting that it may not be his fate to fall in the encounter—bind themselves by an oath to avenge the death of their relations, and rid the country of this intolerable pest. Armed with swords and shields, the forlorn hope surround the tiger's lair, and rushing upon him simultaneously, they seldom fail to cut him to pieces; for the Hindoo when once roused to action has no fear of death. But this can only be accomplished when the tiger lies in low jungle; and the victory is in general dearly enough purchased by a fearful expenditure of human life.

If the tiger has taken up his quarters among sugar-canes, or *jawarry*, a species of grain, which grows to the height of ten feet, he is safe from any attack made by men on foot. It is impossible to dislodge them without the assistance of an elephant, and the poor disheartened villagers must leave their crops neglected, till the unwelcome tenant chooses to depart.

It is on such occasions that the arrival of an European sportsman is hailed as a blessing from heaven; and it is in seeking out and destroying such fearful scourges to the human race, that the principal charm of a sportsman's life in India consists.

Several castes of natives are employed in the arduous and dangerous pursuit of finding tigers; for in Western India the tiger-hunter never beats for his game till it is traced into cover. Working on any other system would not only be rarely successful, but would spoil future sport, by driving from their usual haunts any tigers that might happen to be in the neighbourhood.

In almost every Indian village, there are one or more *shikarees*, who earn a precarious livelihood by killing game, or finding it for Europeans. Of these, the most famous are *Bheels*, a half-savage race, who can follow a trail over the burning sands of Kandeish, with the unerring certainty of a bloodhound.

Next to a good elephant, the chief essential of a sportsman's establishment in a tiger-country, is an experienced *shikaree*; a fellow who ought to have the eye of an eagle, the heart of a lion, the constitution of a rhinoceros, and the patience of Job.

On arriving at a village near likely ground, the first care of a good *shikaree* will be to ascertain if any bullocks have been carried off lately by tigers, and to proceed in his search, according to the information he may receive. If without any clue to guide him, he with a party of assistants, scours the country, and examines every good cover within a circle of several miles.

When a fresh track is found it is followed up—sometimes for days and nights together—till a satisfactory account can be given of it. From one ravine to another, the broad foot-print is traced, sometimes deeply impressed in sand, at others, so slightly marked on stony soil, as to leave no trace visible to an European eye; but to the lynx-eyed *Bheel*, the displacing of a pebble, the turning of a leaf, or the bruising of a blade of grass is sufficient, and he carries on his work, in silent confidence, to the last piece of jungle entered by the tiger. Having ascertained, by the closest scrutiny, that the animal has not passed through, the place is surrounded.

The tiger is then said to be "marked down," and like a fox "well found," is considered to be more than "half-killed." Sometimes the leading *Bheel*, not satisfied with thus marking down the tiger, follows up the trail, till he obtains a view of the sleeping brute in his lair, when he retires with a step soft and noiseless as that of the tiger himself, and sends information to his employer.

I have known a trail thus followed up by *Bheels* for three successive days, and the tiger found at last. Nothing can surpass the keenness of vision and the instinctive certainty with which these naked savages follow up their game. Beneath a blazing sun they have to pick out the faintest traces, over sand and rocks that glow like heated metal, and throw back upon any other eyes an intolerable glare of light. Yet day after day they toil with determined perseverance, not to be daunted by fatigue, or foiled by disappointment, and rarely do they fail of success.

In parts of the country where good *shikarees* were not to be obtained, I used

\* *Ryots*—cultivators of the soil

† *Man-eater*—a term applied to those tigers that haunt villages, and prey chiefly upon men.



to find tigers by fastening a bullock near some ravine or thicket known to be frequented by them; the poor animal was generally carried off in the course of the night, and nothing further was necessary than to follow up the trail of the tiger to some neighbouring cover, where we were sure to find him lying gorged. Tigers are also found when returning at daybreak from their nightly prowls, by men stationed upon trees, who hem them into the first cover they enter. In whatever manner a tiger is found, the great point to insure success, is to procure plenty of hands from the nearest village, and effectually to surround the place, so as to prevent his stealing away before the elephant arrives. If he becomes restless, as he is apt to do when not gorged with food, a shout is generally sufficient to prevent his breaking cover; for, with all his ferocity, the tiger is a cowardly animal, and much averse to showing himself by daylight.

Having found our tiger, we must, before proceeding to action, devote a few words to that most useful auxiliary the elephant. A really good sporting elephant is invaluable. He beats for his game like a pointer, and carries his rider in safety over the most dangerous ground, and through the thickest covers, which he searches inch by inch, with a degree of patience and sagacity that makes instinct almost amount to reason. Trees that oppose his progress are levelled by his head, or torn down with his trunk; his stupendous weight forces itself through every obstacle; and at the word of command, the sagacious brute picks up stones and hands them to his driver to throw into the thicker parts of the cover.

On finding the tiger, the elephant gives warning of his proximity, by throwing up his trunk and trumpeting; and if well trained, should remain perfectly steady, ready to obey every command of his *mahout*.

The worst fault an elephant can have, is a propensity to charge the tiger. In doing so, the violence of his motion is apt to unseat the riders, rendering it impossible to take aim; and what is still worse, he generally throws himself upon his knees at the moment of attack, pitching the men out of the howdah by the violence of the shock. This bad habit is usually caused by the *mahout* encouraging his elephant to trample upon a tiger when killed, and thereby rendering the animal ferocious. Nothing is required of an elephant but to remain perfectly steady when a tiger is found; and the best way of training him to do so, is to make him stand quietly over the tiger after he is killed, without allowing him to touch it, whilst the *mahout* encourages him by his voice, and rewards him with balls of sugar dipped in the blood of the animal. Some elephants are so steady, as to allow a tiger to rush up to their heads without flinching; but there are few that are not more or less alarmed by a determined charge. A veteran gains confidence, and is at length made perfect by the coolness of his *mahout*, and the good shooting of his owner; but those which are ill-entered, turn round, and often run away at the first roar of a tiger; and even the best and most practised are often rendered useless, and become irrecoverably timid, by wounds received in a successful chase.

I have had occasion to use nervous, timid, elephants, and they are bad enough; but I would rather ride a determined runaway than a savage brute who insists on killing the tiger himself. It is, no doubt, a severe trial to the nerves to find yourself hurried away by a huge, ungovernable monster, with the prospect of being either smashed against a tree, or rolled into a ravine; but this is nothing to the risk you incur on a fighting elephant, of being pitched into the jaws of an enraged tiger, or pounded to a jelly under the elephant's knees.

On a really good elephant the sportsman is exposed to little danger; less perhaps than in most Indian field-sports. He is raised from ten to twelve feet off the ground, on a comfortable seat, from whence he can fire in all directions, and he must be a bad shot indeed if he fails to stop a tiger in his charge. But even supposing that he does miss—which he has no business to do—and allows a savage tiger to spring upon the elephant, still the man is seldom the object of attack, and he ought to be able to blow the brute's brains out before he does much mischief. Tigers generally spring at the elephant's head, rarely making any attempt to reach the howdah. Instances of their doing so have occurred, but they are very rare.

The *mahout* next claims our attention. He is a most important personage in a tiger-hunt, and success mainly depends upon his courage and presence of mind. Seated upon the elephant's neck, his feet supported by rope stirrups, he guides his unwieldy charge, partly by his voice, and partly by means of a sharp instrument resembling a short boat-hook. With the point of this he goads the elephant forward, or punishes him when restive, and, by applying the hook to his forehead, or to one of his ears, he stops him or turns him to either side. The position of the *mahout* is by no means an enviable one. Jolted almost to death by the uneasy motion of the elephant's head, torn by thorns, abused without mercy by his master when any thing goes wrong, and exposed to the double risk of being pulled down by the tiger, or shot by some careless fellow in firing over his head, from the howdah, he requires more than an average allowance of patience as well as courage, and I must do these gallant fellows the justice to say that I have generally found them game to the backbone, and not only willing, but anxious to urge their elephants forward in the face of every danger.

Courage is an indispensable quality in a *mahout*; if he wants this the elephant soon finds it out, and shows the same timidity as his driver. He ought to be perfectly cool on all occasions, and devote his whole attention to bringing up his elephant steadily and resolutely to within twenty yards of the tiger. He should also watch the motions of those in the howdah, and the moment a gun is raised, should turn the elephant's head a little to one side, and keep him perfectly still, for much depends upon the success of the first shot. A tiger well found is, as I said before, half killed, and, once hit, his death is almost sure to follow.

On arriving at the place where the tiger has been marked down, the sportsman's first care is to reconnoitre the ground carefully, and place his look-out men upon trees and eminences, so as effectually to surround the cover, and prevent the tiger from stealing away unobserved. The elephant then advances slowly, pushing aside the tangled brush-wood, and tearing open every thicket, while the sportsman carefully examines them as he proceeds. Excitement becomes intense as the elephant, by trumpeting or signs of agitation, shows that the game is near. Each rustle makes the heart beat, and is answered by the sharp click of the lock, as the anxious sportsman half raises the rifle to his shoulder. At length a deep growl is heard, and hope is wound up to the thrilling certainty of a find. If the tiger is not disabled by the first shot, he either charges the elephant or endeavours to break away. In the first case, by good shooting, he is frequently rolled over under the elephant's trunk; in the other he is turned by the shouts of the beaters, or by fireworks, if necessary, and kept within the cover till he is despatched. Should he, however, break away, his escape is telegraphed by the look-out men, and the *shikarees*, accompanied by the elephant, follow up his trail, till he is again marked down. Horsemen are, also, frequently employed to ride after a tiger and mark him down when he breaks away over an open country.

When the tiger lies in a deep ravine, it is often impossible to attack him in his stronghold. In this case, the elephant is posted at one end of the ravine, while the beaters rouse the game by shouting, blowing horns, and throwing in fire-

works; and, as a last resource, it is sometimes found necessary to set fire to the cover.

In the absence of an elephant, tigers may be beat up, and shot from trees, without any risk; for it is a curious fact, that tigers never attempt to climb, although their form appears peculiarly well adapted for so doing. Their great weight may perhaps prevent them; but more probably, the nature of the animals on which they prey, precluding the necessity of resorting to this means of securing them, they are not called upon to exert a power which they do possess.

An instance came under my observation, of a man being pulled down from a tree, and killed by a tigress: but he was not at a sufficient height from the ground to be out of reach of her first spring, and I believe that had he been two feet higher, he would have been perfectly safe.

I have frequently shot very savage tigers from trees not more than ten feet high, but never saw any attempt to climb, even when they say plainly from whence the shot was fired. In most cases, however, the tiger when hit from a tree, is quite unconscious of the sportsman's position, very rarely looking up to seek his foe, but springing forward, as if he always looked for danger in front.

Although some of the finest features of the sport are lost by pursuing this method of shooting from trees, yet there is something indescribably exciting in watching for a tiger's approach. I have seen and shot many; and yet, to the last, the jungle king always burst upon my sight with a startling shock, that must be felt to be conceived. The noble brute in all the consciousness of his tremendous strength, stands, in striped beauty, before you; for years he has been the tyrant of some gloomy thicket, and no eyes have rested on his mighty form, save those of some poor mangled wretch, who cast one despairing look upon his destroyer, ere he died.

There he stands for an instant, full of life, a model of strength and activity combined. Uttering a deep growl of defiance, he strides along with stately pace, to seek his stronghold, where neither man nor beast dare follow. But he will never reach it—the crack of the rifle rings in his startled ear—the ragged bullet speeds hissing through his lungs—he springs from the earth with a convulsive bound—the life-blood bubbles from his gasping throat—and his dying growl is mocked by his pursuers.

A common method of killing tigers, is by watching them at night, and shooting them from a tree when they return to feed on the carcass of a bullock which they have killed on the previous day. But this plan is both tedious and uncertain, and is more congenial to the taste of a patient Hindoo than that of an European sportsman.

I have known men who were in the habit of shooting tigers on foot; but this sport is attended with so much danger, that few experienced sportsmen ever indulge in it; and I have remarked that those who did so, were pretty sure, sooner or later, to come to an untimely end. All the cat tribe are remarkable for their tenacity of life, and this alone is sufficient to render tiger-shooting on foot a most hazardous attempt. For even allowing that a man has sufficient confidence in his own nerve to permit a tiger to approach quite close, in the certainty of hitting him between the eyes, yet he is still far from safe. Any old sportsman can assure him, that a ball through the head is not certain to stop a tiger. I have myself seen two run a considerable distance, and even charge the elephant, after receiving a ball in the forehead. Fatal accidents too often occur from men carelessly approaching a fallen tiger. A Madras sepoy was killed some years ago while measuring a tiger which had fallen, and was apparently dead; the expiring brute struck at him, and fractured his skull by one blow of his tremendous paw. Only a few months have elapsed since an officer in the Madras army was struck dead by a dying tiger, under precisely similar circumstances. I recollect another instance of a poor fellow who was rendered a cripple for life in the same way. He, with his father, an old *shikaree*, fired from a tree at a tiger, which, to all appearance, fell dead. The young man, contrary to his father's earnest entreaties, leapt down, and applied his match to the tiger's whiskers, for the purpose of singeing them off. The tiger turned upon him, and seizing him by the thigh, held him fast, till forced by death to relax the gripe. I saw the lad walking with a crutch some months after the accident occurred. The limb was then contracted and wasted to the bone, without any prospect of its ever improving.

In proof of the extraordinary muscular power which a tiger can exert, I shall quote two remarkable instances among many that have come under my notice.

A bullock was killed by a tiger near our encampment, on the banks of the Tamboodra, in a field surrounded by a hedge of prickly-pear, about six feet in height. The carcass of the bullock, still warm, was observed by one of our *peons*, who brought intelligence to the tents. Within two hours we were at the spot, and, to our astonishment, found the carcass of the bullock, partly devoured, on the outside of the fence. Not a twig in the hedge was broken, and the only clues to account for this apparent mystery, were the deeply-impressed foot-prints of a large tiger, on either side of the hedge, from which it appeared that he must have sprung over the barrier with his prey in his jaws. The confirmation afforded, by palpable traces, to the *peon's* assertion that the bullock was killed within the inclosure, and the impossibility of the carcass having been removed in any other way, alone convinced us of this fact; otherwise we could not have believed that an animal weighing under 600 lb. could have exerted such prodigious strength.

Any one who has examined the anatomical structure of a tiger, however, would readily believe the extraordinary power he is capable of exerting. His fore-leg is the most perfect and beautiful piece of mechanism that can be conceived, supported by a bone as hard and compact as ivory, and displaying a mass of sinew and muscle, to be found only in this most formidable weapon, of the most agile and destructive of all animals.\* His jaws, neck, and shoulders, evince corresponding strength. And, with reference to the foregoing anecdote, it must be borne in mind, that the cattle of India (with the exception of buffaloes and a particular breed used for drawing carriages), are of small size, and do not usually exceed the tiger himself in weight.

The other instance to which I have alluded, was as follows:

Four oxen, harnessed in the same team, were destroyed by a tiger while their owner was driving them in the plough. He described their death as having been the work of a few seconds. When in the act of turning his cattle at the end of a furrow, a tiger sprang from some neighbouring brushwood, on the leading bullock, broke his neck by a single wrench, and before the other terrified animals could disengage themselves, all were destroyed in the same manner. The man fled to a neighbouring tree, from whence he saw the monster finish his work of death, and trot back into the jungle without touching the carcasses, as if he had done it from mere love of slaughter, and not to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

My friend E—, from whom I had this anecdote, saw the bullocks imme-

\* The fore-arm of a moderate sized tiger, of which I took the dimensions with great accuracy, measured two feet seven inches in circumference. The tiger measured, from point of nose to end of tail, nine feet five inches.



diately after they were killed, and found that one of them had been thrown back with such violence, that his horns were driven into the ground to a considerable depth.

I once examined the carcass of a bullock that had been killed by a tiger. It exhibited no marks of violence, except the punctures of five claws on each side of the head, and a stream of blood flowing from the nostrils; but the skull was so completely smashed, that the head yielded to the pressure of my hand, like a bag full of crushed bones.

A curious mode of killing tigers, practised by the natives of the Wynad district, deserves notice. When one of these animals is discovered, the covert in which he lies is enclosed by a strong net, supported by bamboos of a sufficient height to prevent his leaping over it. All being prepared, the villagers, headed by their priests, surround the outside of the net, armed with long spears; and provoking the tiger to attack them, they meet him as he charges, and pierce him through this, apparently feeble, but impassable barrier, till he falls.

A gentleman who was present at one of these scenes, describes it as most interesting, and exciting in the highest degree, for there existed the appearance of imminent danger, although, in reality, it was almost impossible for the tiger to reach his assailants. The net, loosely suspended, yielded to the bounds made by the enraged animal without breaking, and he retired, bleeding and discouraged, from each attack.

Tigers have been speared, however, without any such defence as that just described. Colonel Welsh, in a work upon India, published some years ago, mentioned the resident at Mysore having procured several live tigers and leopards, which were, upon different occasions, turned out upon the race-course at Bangalore, and speared by himself and two gentlemen from horseback.

This, although a daring feat, and one which argues great courage on the part of the horse, is one which I can conceive unattended with any very great risk, from what I have seen of the cowardly nature of the tiger after he has been once captured. But what will be said to the feat recorded by Sir J. M., who was an eye-witness to the fact, of a gentleman (I do not recollect his name at present, but I think it was Captain Skinner), who used, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, to kill tigers in the field off a little Arab horse?

Were it not that this fact is too notorious to be doubted, I would hardly expect any one who knows a tiger's powers, to believe it possible. There are few animals that an Indian sportsman, armed with a spear and mounted on a high-couraged horse, may not venture to attack with good hopes of success. I have myself known many instances of leopards being speared in this manner. But from what I have seen of the tiger, I should say it required more nerve, more lionlike courage rather, to attack a tiger thus, than to perform any deed of prowess against wild animals, that has ever come under my notice. I believe the method pursued by this daring horseman, was to gallop round the tiger, in a circle, gradually diminishing the distance, till he found himself within reach, when he threw his spear with unerring aim, and instantly wheeled off, to avoid the charge of the animal, in the event of his being only wounded.

Five brothers, all fine resolute young fellows, who lived at Shikarpoor, in the Mysore country, were in the habit of attacking tigers when asleep and gorged with food, and destroying them by one determined charge. They advanced in a body, each armed with a long stout spear, and at a preconcerted signal, plunged their weapons at the same moment into the sleeping brute.

When I last heard of them, they had killed several tigers without any accident occurring; but I should think this system could not be long pursued, unattended by some fatal disaster. It could only be attempted successfully when the tiger was lying, gorged with food, in some open place, free of thick jungle, and easy of access, where all the men could get round him unperceived; for if he discovered his assailants before the blow was struck, fifty, instead of five, would have but little chance against him.

The natives, in the wilder districts, make use of various devices for killing tigers—such as poison, pitfalls, and traps of various kinds; but these hardly come under the denomination of hunting, and have been too often described, to require any particular notice here.

In countries well stocked with cattle, tigers prey almost entirely on them—even the huge buffalo falls beneath his strength when taken by surprise, but when prepared, he resists, and not unfrequently beats off the aggressor.

At the courts of native princes, it is usual at great festivals to exhibit combats between buffaloes and tigers, in which the former almost invariably come off victorious. It must be remembered, however, that a tiger loses all courage in confinement, and suffers the buffalo to toss him about with his huge horns, without making any effectual effort to defend himself.

Two tigers, which had been taken in a box-trap near Dharwar, were turned out in the courtyard of an old fort, before a large male buffalo. The tigers, instead of showing fight, ran round the walls trying to conceal themselves, the bull following them up, and tossing them like footballs, till in pity to their misery, and disgust at their cowardice, we put an end to the scene by shooting them.

Several shikarees in the Canara Forest have told me, that jungle-dogs when assembled in large packs, frequently attack and tear tigers to pieces. Two or three instances of this have been related to me, which I hardly know whether to believe or not. The wild dog of India is a very fierce animal, about the size of a large pointer, of an uniform red, or bright chestnut colour, with upright pointed ears, and a drooping bushy tail. They hunt in packs of from ten to thirty, and run mute. They are capable of pulling down almost any animal inhabiting the forest, and have even been known to attack men. With regard to their attacking tigers, I can only vouch for this fact, that tigers appear to dread them, or at least to dislike their company, and decamp from their usual haunts whenever a pack of wild dogs take up their quarters in the same cover.

Evening is the time at which tigers seek their prey. During the day they seldom move from the thicket which they have selected as their lair, and it is owing to this cause that they are rarely seen unsought. I believe that a tiger, unless a confirmed man-eater, will not attack a man by daylight, except under peculiar circumstances, such as meeting him suddenly face to face, or when pressed by hunger, or in defence of its young, when a tigress is on the watch to prevent any one from approaching her offspring.

This last feeling, which inspires the most timid animals with courage, would lead us to suppose that the savage tigress would become fierce enough to protect her young from any danger; but I have not found this to be the case. We frequently killed tigresses, with cubs of all ages, and I never saw one evince any maternal affection when she herself was in danger. They generally left their young to shift for themselves, displaying no unusual ferocity, nor any anxiety for the safety of their cubs.

The instinctive dread of man, which is implanted in the nature of every animal, prevents even the bloodthirsty tiger from making him his prey, until accident has once shown the brute how inferior in bodily strength is man to the animals on which he usually feeds. This discovery once made, and human flesh once tasted, the nature of the tiger appears to be changed.

From the day on which he first overcomes the Lord of the Creation he feels that his former dread of man was groundless. It is easier, far, to grind the bones of our feeble frame than to dislocate the spine of an ox; and the tiger, finding this, becomes a man-eater. He now deserts the forest and takes up his quarters in the neighbourhood of some village—cattle pass by unheeded, but their owners perish,—and the tiger is then the most fearful of all animals.

#### EXTBAORDINARY SAGACITY OF A TIGRESS.

A man-eater generally becomes remarkably cunning, as will be seen by the following anecdote.

Some years ago, a tigress in Kandish was the terror of the country, which she haunted like a destroying fiend. She preyed entirely upon men, shifting her quarters from village to village so rapidly, as to render it exceedingly difficult to mark her down. To-day a man was carried off; every cover in the neighbourhood was tried in vain—the enemy had decamped; and, next morning, another victim had disappeared from a village many miles distant. Rewards were offered by government for her destruction; they were doubled; but such was the dread inspired by this tigress, whose cunning was only equalled by her ferocity, that no one would venture to attack her. Matters became worse; whole villages were deserted; people hardly dared to leave their houses; and day after day some family was left mourning. Of course the Kandish sportsmen proceeded to beat up her quarters, as soon as information reached them. A chosen band of Bheels were put upon her trail, and for four days, followed it incessantly over burning sands, before they could surround her—so watchful had she become in guarding against surprise—but what will not Bheels accomplish!

On the fourth day the welcome intelligence reached head-quarters that this famous tigress was at last hemmed into a small thicket. Several sportsmen, accompanied by a good elephant, were soon at the ground. They arrived on horseback, and one of them in crossing a small ravine leading into the cover was charged by the tigress, and escaped only by his horse's speed. She was already on the alert, and no time was to be lost. The elephant was mounted, and with a Bheel walking by his side to track, proceeded into the cover. The trail was very distinct, and after leading them in a circuitous direction round the jungle, returned to the very spot where they had first taken it up. Here all further trace was lost, and even the Bheel was at fault. A cast was made without success, but on trying back they were astonished by discovering the fresh track of a tiger over that of the elephant. This was quite unaccountable. Again they made a circuit of the jungle, and again the mysterious footprint followed, but still no tiger appeared. They halted, uncertain how to proceed. The Bheel had just left the elephant's side, and Captain O—, who was in the howdah, had turned to look behind him, when to his utter amazement he encountered the gaze of the crafty old devil of a tigress, crouching close under the elephant's crupper, and intently eyeing the Bheel, as if watching her opportunity to spring upon him the moment he exposed himself by leaving the cover of the howdah. She had all along been following in the footsteps of the elephant, which accounted for the mysterious double trail, and appeared bent upon carrying off the Bheel, as if aware that without the aid of his sagacity the weapons of the sportsmen would be of little avail. The hour was come at last. Captain O— seized the favourable moment, and a ball, directly between the eyes, laid her dead upon the spot. Thus fell one of the most cunning and destructive brutes that ever infested a country.

Before dismissing the subject of tiger-hunting, I cannot resist introducing a ludicrous adventure told me by an old Kandish sportsman, in whose own word I shall endeavour to relate it.

"We were closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels, who had run up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back, now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant, and charged the nearest man, a little hairy, bandy-legged, square-built oddity, more like a satyr than a human being. Away spun the Bheel for the nearest tree, with the wounded tiger roaring at his haunches. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the springs the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch, hardly out of reach. There he sat, crouched up into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the Houries. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but the broken hind leg failing, he dropped back exhausted. It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage. As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring, in imitation of the tiger, and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leant forward till he appeared within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce, that we who were at first shoving up the elephant, in alarm for the safety of our little hairy friend, ended by laughing till our sides ached; and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death-volley."

The panther, of which two, and in the opinion of some sportsmen three varieties are found in India, is scarcely less formidable than the tiger. Its inferior strength is compensated by greater agility, and the extreme rapidity of its attack renders it, in my opinion, a still more dangerous animal to encounter on foot. It is generally found in rocky ravines and thickly wooded hills, and from the nature of its haunts, as well as its skulking habits, it is difficult to mark down. From these causes it is not so frequently encountered as the tiger, and its habits are, consequently, less familiar to European sportsmen than those of the larger feline.

The description already given of the system pursued in tiger-shooting applies equally to the hunting of this animal. Both are followed on elephants, or beat up and shot from trees. But it should be remembered that, although a tiger cannot climb, a panther can, and a branch safe from the attack of the former, may afford little or no protection against the superior activity of the latter. Panthers have, on several occasions, been speared from horseback, but the serious accidents which have occurred, and which are always likely to occur, in so very dangerous a sport, have prevented its becoming a general practice, even among the most daring.

My space will not admit of my giving any examples of panther shooting in this chapter, but we shall have occasion hereafter to record some instances in the journal of promiscuous sport.

The Old Forest Ranger has to apologize to his fair readers for having inflicted on them such an unmitigated chapter of wild beasts. But if they will only have patience with him till next month, he will try to furnish them with something less savage.



## Foreign Summary.

The free trade party were making converts among the farmers.

The Queen, we are happy to state, is to day (May 4) so well that it was not thought necessary to issue any bulletin.

The funeral of the Duke of Sussex, will take place this day, (Thursday, May 4,) in London, where, from eight until one o'clock, the shops will be closed.

Intelligence had been received from the Islands of Marquesas which state that the French Governor and suite had been murdered by the natives.

The Havre Theatre was destroyed by fire on Friday night, the 28th ult. Mr. Fortier, the manager, who resided in apartments attached to the theatre, lost his life.

A second edition of the Chronicle contains the following extraordinary express from Paris:—

"PARIS, May 2.—The affairs of Servia are arranged. The Divan has conceded all the demands of Russia. Prince Georgewitch is to abdicate, his councillors and Kiamil to quit Servia, and a new election to take place, probably in favour of Prince Milosch.

"An attempt was made at Milan to assassinate the Viceroy, which failed."

THE CHARTIST TRIALS.—O'Connor and the other Chartists, tried at the late Lancaster Assizes, together with White who was tried at Warwick, and Cooper who was tried at Stafford, have received notice to appear at the Queen's Bench on Thursday, May 4, to receive judgment.

The celebrated danseuse Fanny Cerito, accompanied by her father, arrived in town on Saturday from Milan, where she has been "starring" during the winter alternately with Taglioni. Adele Dumilatre returns to the Academie Royale at Paris.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 3.—The House met at four o'clock, when a good number of petitions were presented against the educational clauses of the new Factory Bill and the Corn Laws. The House, at its rising, would adjourn until Friday, in honour of the Duke of Sussex's funeral.

In reply to Mr. Borthwick, Sir R. Peel stated that there was no intention on the part of either England or France to place unnecessary restraint on Don Carlos; but, at the same time, they thought that no unqualified liberation of the prince would interfere with the tranquillity of Spain.

The Duke of Wellington completed his 74th year the 1st inst., and gave a Levee on the occasion.

It was stated that nearly 500,000 persons had passed through the Thames Tunnel since its completion.

Richard Arkwright, Esq., the richest commoner in Europe, died recently at his seat in Derbyshire.

The late earthquake was quite severely felt at Moscow, and caused much alarm amongst the inhabitants.

A great Anti-Corn Law Conference was advertised to be held in London on the 9th May, to which deputies had already been appointed from all parts of "The Three Kingdoms."

A Chartist meeting at Hull was recently dispersed by the authorities, and the orator on the occasion seized and bound over for trial on a charge of sedition.

A large number of tenants on the Blenheim estates in Oxfordshire had quit their farms—and dissatisfaction among the tenantry of England, on account of the high rents, was growing daily more apparent.

By the returns, nearly complete, of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it is fully ascertained that a complete revolution has been made in the character of that body, and that the schismatic had been entirely defeated.

Latest accounts from Naples states that Vesuvius was again belching forth large quantities of flame and smoke.

CIRCASSIA.—The rumor, heretofore given, that Russia was preparing a great expedition against Circassia is confirmed by further accounts. The Emperor, it is said, is determined not to protract this useless war much longer; and if the powerful expedition now on foot does not prove successful, he will acknowledge the right of the hardy mountaineers to govern themselves.

IRELAND.—The affairs of Ireland are assuming a highly interesting and important character. The excitement on the subject of Repeal runs exceedingly high, and added to the disaffection of the tenantry in other respects, bids fair to blow up the flame of revolution in good earnest.

The Madrid journals state that no modification of the ministry would take place until the Cortes was definitively constituted, which would not be until the 25th or 26th. The choice of a President of the Chamber of Deputies would exercise considerable influence on the solution of the ministerial crisis.

It was reported at Madrid that the Spanish Consuls at Bayonne and at Perpignan had forwarded information to the government that the Carlists were about to attempt another insurrection. This report, however, had not created any sensation.

The *Moniteur* announces, that Louis Philippe would go into mourning, from the 2d of May, during eleven days, for his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

A gentleman has written to the *Times*, complaining that he was prevented from going into the pit of the Opera House, on Saturday night, because his trousers were not of kerseymere! No objection was made to their colour or their cut; yet he was obliged to trudge up into the gallery, greatly annoyed, yet much amused at the ludicrous sort of objection that had been made to his dress.

NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.—The *Clare Journal* contains the following announcement:—We understand that Sir John Fitzgerald, at present residing at Toonagh, in this county, has been appointed to the distinguished situation of Governor of the Presidency of Bombay.

The *Universal German Gazette* states, from Sweden, that several more manuscripts of Gustavus III. have been discovered. They had been deposited by the King in the hands of Captain Rosenstein, whose heir has given them up.

A Mr. Tongue has invented an additional rein for horses, connected with a spring trap, which, by a single action of the hand, is drawn so close over the nostrils and the mouth as to stop breathing, and thereby bring the most restive animal to his senses.

The estate of Bronte, granted to Lord Nelson by the King of Naples, is now a subject of litigation in the Court of Chancery. The case involves questions in civil, Sicilian, and municipal law, such as never occurred in any previous case. The estate includes a part of Mount Etna.

COLD WATER.—The German papers give an account of an extraordinary extension of the cold water system in the person of a young woman of 23 years of age, who for 11 years has subsisted entirely on cold spring water! A Committee of physicians has been formed to investigate the case, which has attracted a great deal of attention in Munich, where the girl is residing.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The *Suffolk Herald* publishes the following:—"Our readers may frequently have seen advertisements in the daily papers acknowledging, on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, certain payments made by anonymous persons, who, having defrauded the revenue,

make this restitution, and it is called 'conscience money.' A remarkable instance of this kind has come to us from a most credible source. An individual wrote a letter to the Exchequer-office, that although he had returned his income tax correctly on his ostensible business, yet that he was extensively engaged in smuggling, and as his returns from that source were very great, he had it on his conscience not to have made any return of that, and he therefore enclosed, as the amount of three years' tax, *fourteen thousand pounds!* Every effort has been made to discover the conscientious contrabandist, but hitherto without effect. The fact may be relied on."

GERMAN COLONIZATION.—The *Köln Zeitung* lately published a correspondence from Mentz, from which it appeared that persons of rank in Germany had joined together in the purchase of some extensive tracts of land in Texas, destined as settlements for German emigrants. This proves to be correct. Twenty-four princes, and other persons of high rank, among whom are the Duke of Nassau and the Prince of Linange, have commenced the execution of this grand scheme. The two agents who concluded the purchase of territories are already on their way back to Europe. Should this first experiment prove successful, the plan will speedily receive a greater extension.

SLIDING SCALE OF THE PRESS.—Dr. H. called at the *Times* office, to inquire the price of inserting the death of a relative. "Ten shillings," said a surly clerk. Dr. H. remonstrated, and said he had only paid seven for the last. "Oh," said the clerk, "that was a common death, but this is *sincerely* regretted." "Well, my friend," said the Doctor, laying down the ten shillings, "your executors will never be put to that expense."

MR. BRUNEL.—It is with deep regret we have to state that the valuable life of this talented engineer has been placed in jeopardy by an accident arising out of an amiable wish to amuse the children of a friend. The father and Mr. Brunel pretended, by a sleight of hand to pass money from the mouth to the ear, and *vice versa*, when Mr. Brunel placing a half-sovereign in his mouth, it unfortunately slipped into the throat, where it stuck, and every effort to remove it proving ineffectual. Sir P. Brodie was called in, and an operation, by making an incision in the thorax, performed, but without success. Mr. Brunel still remains in a very precarious state.

Locally speaking, the most important parliamentary movement which has been taken for years, is the Government Education scheme—a praiseworthy measure in the abstract, but so tinged with Episcopalianism that it has roused the ire and called into action the jealousies of all other sects in the country. Accordingly, the Dissenters and Roman Catholics have been making a demonstration of strength against it in every quarter of the land, and petitions, with upwards of two millions of signatures, were presented to the House of Commons against it on Monday Evening. The Government has been obliged to bend before the storm, and some modifications have been made in the original draught of the bill, but not enough to satisfy the sectaries, who still maintain that in the bill as it stands, the Church of England has advantages inimical to their interests.

THE INFANT PRINCESS.—Her Royal Highness is a remarkable fine infant, not so delicately formed as her sister, the Princess Royal, and in feature more resembling the Prince of Wales. She has large light blue eyes, and hair which promises to be flaxen.

The King of Denmark has convoked a Diet of representatives of the people in—Iceland! It is not expected that the debates will be warm.

POST-OFFICE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.—The opening of the Paris and Rouen railway will probably produce some change in the conveyance of letters between London and Paris. We know that overtures have already been made by the London Post-office to the French administration. The object would appear to be to establish a conveyance of letters in *seventeen* hours between the two capitals. The plan would be this: three hours and a half are reckoned from Paris to Rouen by a direct train; three hours and a half from Rouen to Dieppe, eight hours' passage to Brighton, and two hours from Brighton to London.

## Imperial Parliament.

## SCOTTISH CHURCH.

House of Lords, May 2.

The Duke of ARGYLL presented a petition from the Presbytery of Dumbarton, praying the House to take into its consideration the difference which at present distracted the Church of Scotland.

The Marquis of BREADALBANE said he wished to say a few words on the deeply-important question to which this petition referred. He believed that irreparable evils would occur in that country unless something were done before the meeting of the General Assembly. Unless some concession were made to the Church, for the purpose of giving it those privileges which he considered it was justified in demanding, by the constitution of the country at large, without the judgment of any law courts—unless some declaration to that effect were made by the Government, a secession would take place from the Established Church, not only on the part of the clergy, but by the congregations, to the amount of eighty per cent. He was informed also that the number of ministers that would go out would not be less than five hundred; and these the most enlightened, the most pious, and the most zealous ministers of the Established Church.

Lord BROUGHAM said he could not but express his utter astonishment that, before the face of Parliament, his Noble Friend, a friend of the Constitution and of constitution principles, should get up in his place in Parliament and openly declare that that which the Courts of Law had decided to be the law, and that which the House, as the last resort, had, upon the fullest and most mature deliberation, pronounced to be the law, was not the law; that notwithstanding that there was something above the law of the country, and that that something was neither more nor less than the Constitution of the country, so that they had the law of the land and Constitution of the country in opposition to each other. Such, it seemed, was the opinion of a large body of their Lordships; that was, he should say, of another Noble Lord, who agreed with the Noble Marquis—large certainly, if not in numbers, at least in weight and authority. (Hear, hear.)

The Marquis of BREADALBANE said that he was as anxious as his Noble Friend or any Noble Lord in that House could be to uphold the authority of the law of the land in this kingdom. But he maintained that the decision of the Judges was not always and infallibly the law of the land. Interpretation of the law had been given by one set of Judges in one day which another set of Judges had condemned on the next. And, besides, he must maintain, on this question of the rights of the Scotch Church, that until the late decision of the Court of Session all former decisions of the question had been in favour of the course which the Church had taken. He was ready to prove at the bar to his Noble and Learned Friend and to the House, that the invariable decision of the Court of Session had been given in the way in which the General Assembly now con-



tended the law interpreted. He would affirm that the late decision of the Court of Session was contrary to the constitution, the statutes, and the whole history of the Church. All he said was, that the Church had a constitution within herself, which had been invaded by the Legislature.

Lord BROUGHAM said it would be needless for him to accept his Noble Friend's challenge. Why, that same challenge had been given by the appeal of the General Assembly to their Lordships against the decision of the Court of Session; and, day by day, their Lordships had found it attempted to be proved that former decisions had been in favour of the appellants. [Hear.] But the attempt was a complete failure—complete in every point and case. And it was because their Lordships found, upon examination, that the former decisions were in conformity with the one appealed against, that they confirmed the decision and dismissed the appeal. [Hear, hear.] Their Lordships had so declared the law to be against the Church. And was it to be said that the Church had within herself a law and a constitution which was to act and have authority against the law of the land? Why, his Noble Friend might as well summon his tenants to Taymouth Castle, and lay down a law in reference either to the land or the tenants, or to both, as against another body, and say the law of Taymouth was to be superior to the law of the land, *quoad* Taymouth. His Noble Friend might as well argue thus, as insist that the Church had a constitution within herself, and a law for herself superior to the law of the land. [Hear, hear.] They knew of no such exceptions in Courts of Common Law, and he hoped they never would. [Hear.]

The Earl of ABERDEEN said if he had not been able to give his Noble Friend satisfaction by what had already taken place on this subject, he was afraid it was out of his power to afford him satisfaction now. He had already on a former occasion made, as he thought, a declaration which certainly embraced as much concession as his Noble Friend could desire or expect. He spoke then not as an individual, but he represented the sentiments of her Majesty's Government; and if his Noble Friend was not satisfied on that occasion with the amount of concession he offered and then proclaimed, and which her Majesty's Government, when the proper time arrived, was prepared to embody in a legislative measure—he despaired now of being able to give him any. He was not disposed to enter into the many important matters that had been opened by his Noble Friend on this question, but he desired, and should be happy again to state, and state more explicitly if necessary, the opinion of her Majesty's Government on the subject. But at present, on the mere presentation of a petition, and with other business before the House, he thought it would be improper to take up their Lordships' time in entering into the subject.

#### THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

*House of Commons, May 2.*

Mr. HUME rose to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice, for a vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton for having conducted and brought to a successful termination the treaty relative to the American boundary. He said that the motion was originally intended as an amendment on the motion of the Noble Lord, the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but, owing to the unexpected termination of the debate on that motion, he (Mr. Hume) had been unable to bring it forward. He had been extremely annoyed to hear the manner in which the Washington treaty was spoken of by the Noble Lord. The Noble Lord had made a clear statement, but he (Mr. Hume) differed from him as to the facts he had brought forward, and he feared that much mischief would result from the Noble Lord's proceeding. The House was not probably aware of the enormous expense to which the disputes respecting the boundary line had subjected the country. A force of 20,000 infantry had to be maintained constantly on the borders of the disputed territory, and a fleet of twenty men-of-war on the American coast. In his opinion the original claim of the British Government to the disputed territory was perfectly just, and according to the intention of those who framed the treaty of 1783; but then the latter was in favour of the American view of the question. It was impossible that in a country like England difference of opinion should not arise. The Noble Lord, the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had deprecated the treaty, as unskillfully carried out by Lord Ashburton, and as involving loss and dishonour to this country. But though the Noble Lord said this he could not establish his assertion, and he would defy the Noble Lord to prove where the loss or dishonour existed. When Lord Ashburton was first appointed he did not think it a proper appointment; but when he saw the skill, conciliation, and judgment with which he had conducted his mission, and brought it to a fortunate issue, he felt bound to retract his original opinion, and to award the Noble Lord the meed of praise to which he was fully entitled. [Hear.] The Noble Lord had been blamed for not settling the question of the Oregon boundary. Why that question did not come within the scope of his mission. When he looked at the concessions made by America, he thought they were fully equal to the concessions made by England, and he believed the Noble Lord had satisfactorily settled the long-disputed question of the Maine and North-eastern boundary, which had remained open for fifty-eight years. With respect to the slave-trade and the putting down that abominable traffic, he did not agree with the Noble Lord, the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that Lord Ashburton had failed, for, by obtaining an American fleet of 80 guns at least, to be specially employed for that purpose, the Noble Lord had gained a great step, and for the first time rendered operative the resolutions of the American Legislature against this trade. The article for the mutual exchange of criminals was also a great advantage gained. The case of the Caroline was also settled by the Noble Lord much better than he expected, for a more decided breach of territory was never committed on a nation than was committed by England on America on that occasion. The case of the Creole had also been fully settled, so that no similar doubt or question could arise in future. On the whole, the six great points of the Noble Lord's mission were by him most satisfactorily settled. It had been asserted that we had conceded too much; that he denied; we had not conceded so much as we ought to have conceded long ago, so as to place the question of peace beyond all doubt. The Noble Lord (Palmerston) complained of the giving up the freedom of the navigation of the St. John. Why, that freedom ought to have been given long ago, and it was equally advantageous for England as for America that the navigation should be free. But how could the Noble Lord object to that, when he himself was prepared to give up to America land north of the St. John, as appeared from a proposition that had been made by him, and which was not acceded to. Now, what was the disputed territory? It amounted to 6,750,000 acres. The Noble Lord proposed that each country should have 3,375,000 acres. Now, what was the actual division by the treaty of Washington? America was to have 3,413,000 acres, leaving only a paltry difference of 76,000 acres of the very worst land in the world. [Hear, hear.] Where then was the dishonour and disgrace of this convention: which had been imputed to the Noble Lord? How could any dishonour arise from fair and reasonable mutual concession on either side?—[Hear, hear, hear.] The great object throughout had been on the part of England, to have a road from New Brunswick to Quebec. This could not be obtained without a conventional line, and from 1803, throughout all the long

series of negotiations, it had been admitted that a conventional line was the only line that was likely to be the successful; and Lord Ashburton was the only person who had succeeded in obtaining that line. It was true that there were persons here who blamed the concessions made, and so also were there parties in America who thought they had conceded too much; but the wise, just-thinking, and moderate of both sides, he believed, were fully satisfied with the arrangement made—with the settlement of this long-disputed question, and with the guarantee for peace which the settlement between the two countries gave. The Noble Lord (Palmerston) had referred to the report of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, and he (Mr. Hume) did conscientiously believe that that gentleman had struck the water line which was intended by the negotiations in 1803; but it did not agree with the terms of the treaty, and therefore it could not be carried out. At the very moment when the Government determined to send out a plenipotentiary, a step had been taken by the authorities of Maine, which the Noble Lord (Palmerston) had pronounced to be a violation of our territory, and hostilities involving both countries in war must have speedily ensued. The settlement of the question was, therefore, most timely and most valuable; and he was well informed that if the subject were to be re-discussed we should not obtain such favourable terms, and that nothing but the kind conciliatory manners and disposition of Lord Ashburton, and the estimation which the citizens of America had for him, could have succeeded in obtaining a conclusion of the question. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, himself a most excellent authority, had spoken in favour of the line of the treaty, and said that it involved no dishonourable concession on either side. In Canada and New Brunswick there could be no doubt it was most advantageous; the Assembly of the former had highly approved of it; and though the Assembly in New Brunswick had not met, every journal published in that province had joined in commending it for the advantages which it bestowed, and in declaring it to be highly honourable to both countries. This was the testimony of parties on the spot, who knew better than we did all the merits of the question, and all the advantages and disadvantages of this settlement. This, therefore, he considered to be conclusive evidence in its favour; and as a friend to peace and commercial enterprise, and as a proof of our anxiety for the restoration of mutual good will and kindly feeling between Great Britain and America, he was anxious that the House should express an opinion in favour of his motion. [Hear.] The Hon. Member concluded by moving the subjoined resolutions:—“That this House, looking to the long-protracted and unsuccessful negotiations for the settlement of the north-eastern boundary between the United States of America and the British North-American provinces; and taking into consideration the great importance of removing the grounds of irritation between the inhabitants of the frontiers, is of opinion that the treaty of Washington, by which that boundary has been defined and settled, is alike honourable and advantageous; and that Lord Ashburton, who conducted the negotiations which led to that treaty, deserves, for that service, the thanks of this House.”

Dr. BOWRING seconded the motion.

Mr. C. BULLER said that he was not only going to vote for the motion of his Hon. Friend the Member for Montrose, but he was glad that it had been brought forward. [Hear, hear.] In respect to the treaty itself, he begged the House to consider what were the disturbing causes which had affected the friendly relations of this country and America for the last ten or eleven years, during which time hardly a packet had arrived without bringing some intelligence holding out a prospect of actual war. Those disturbing causes were two; they either sprang out of—1st. The recent insurrection in Canada, and the sympathy of the Americans with the Canadian rebels, the unfortunate affair of the Caroline, and the arrest of M'Leod; or, 2dly, out of disputes on the whole frontier as to the line of disputed boundary; and when he voted for this motion it was because Lord Ashburton had happily settled these two causes. As to the affair of the Caroline, and the arrest of M'Leod, hardly a word had been said against Lord Ashburton's settlement of that question; there was no doubt, in the affair of the Caroline, we were in the first instance wrong; but Lord Ashburton had not only repaired the wrong which his country had done, but the results of his mission were embodied not merely in a treaty—[Hear, hear.]—they were embodied in the deliberate and legislative enactments of America herself. Lord Ashburton had obtained by that means this security, that not only the affair of the Caroline had been completely settled, but that a similar case could never again arise; justice could not any longer be defeated by a pretence that the Federal Government had no control over the different States of the Union. The settlement of that question was of itself a most important result that followed the treaty. [Hear, hear.] Was it not a most desirable end to arrive at, that a termination was effected of a state of things under which the peace between the two countries might be constantly endangered by any lawless borderer or popular demagogue? [Cheers.] It was not worth continuing the state of things which existed before the treaty for the matter really in dispute. But in stating that he did not mean to say that anything like a settlement dishonourable to this country ought to be made, or one arising from a dread of hostilities, because he believed that such a settlement, if it were effected, would only lead to increased demands at some future period. [Hear, hear.] If we looked on the treaty, not with reference to all our claim alone, but with reference to the circumstances connected with the negotiations, we should find that we obtained better terms by that treaty than those which might be expected by us. They all remembered that the claims of both countries had been referred for an award to the King of the Netherlands, and it should not be forgotten that by this treaty which was now under discussion we obtained better terms than those which had been awarded by the King of the Netherlands. He knew that some Hon. Members imagined that we had, in the interim, found out grounds for a stronger claim, but if Hon. Gentlemen believed that, after 25 years of dispute, nations could be so suddenly and so easily convinced they had a very different opinion of the candour of nations than he (Mr. Buller) had. It was said that Colonel Mudge had made a report which was very favourable as regarded our claims, and that Lord Ashburton ought to have brought out that report with him to have shown it to Mr. Webster, and to have asked him to discuss it; but it ought to be remembered that Mr. Webster might have said, “we have our Mudge also,” and we have a blue book with a report, which is still bigger than yours. (“Hear, hear,” and a laugh.) Would not the production of those two reports merely lead to new controversy, and to the bringing forward of new arguments? It was idle to stickle for the mere material value of the territory in dispute, which, in comparison with the important interests affected, was of the very slightest importance, and under those circumstances he thought the treaty a very good one. [Hear, hear.] A complaint had been made of the concession on the part of Lord Ashburton of the navigation of the river St. John. Now, the only concession which was made was a permission to float timber down the St. John, and if we looked to the advantages which this country obtained as regarded the navigation of the St. Lawrence, it would be found that in the matter of navigation we had obtained as important a concession as that which we had made. A great deal had been said as to the tone of diplomacy which Lord Ashburton adopted; but, looking to the result of his mission



he (Mr. C. Buller) could not agree in those objections, and he was of opinion that the tone which had been adopted was properly that of the negotiator on the part of a great nation, knowing his own strength, and not assuming a dignity with regard to trifles, or upholding his position by the adoption of a querulous tone. It was needless for him (Mr. Buller) to defend himself against the charges of being inclined to view the acts of the present Government with too much favour, but this ought not to be viewed as a party question, for here the interests of two great nations were involved, and whatever language might be held at the other side of the Atlantic, or whatever tone might be adopted by the press of that country, he hoped the House of Commons would not, in reference to this treaty, adopt a tone of triumph on the one hand, or of querulousness on the other hand; and that such a course would be in future adopted as would prevent any such difference ever again interfering with the feelings of amity between both the countries.—[Cheers.]

Sir C. NAPIER should meet this improper motion with an amendment to the effect that the House do now adjourn.

Lord STANLEY said that the Government would not, in the ordinary course of business, have departed from precedent, in proposing the thanks of the House to a negotiator, however successful. But the ungenerous attack of Lord Palmerston was the moving cause of securing to Lord Ashburton the unprecedented honour of such a vote. Mr. Macaulay had contended that Lord Ashburton had cast a stain on British diplomacy; yet to-night it was admitted that the treaty was not so bad a one after all, and the only objection taken was to the unprecedented nature of the motion. There never had been a treaty concluded in the face of greater difficulties, or which had more effectually removed the chances of a disastrous war between two countries, every blow of which would recoil on both. In a few months, Lord Ashburton had concluded the settlement of a dispute which Lord Palmerston for several years had successfully protracted; even the Madawaska settlement, about which so much was now said, was one of the objects which the Noble Lord, when in office, had vainly offered, in order to induce the United States to accept the award of the King of the Netherlands. Lord Ashburton had entered on his task, after the question had been embroiled by the management of Lord Palmerston, and after separate states were committing themselves on the subject by strong resolutions to support the claims of Maine and Massachusetts, and in six months he brought it to a conclusion. Nor had the Noble Lord or the Government compromised the question of the Right of Search, though Lord Aberdeen did not imitate the supercilious style of Lord Palmerston, in addressing a people at once strong and sensitive, and on a subject of peculiar delicacy. The United States did not recognise the right of search, but they agreed that it might be exercised under certain conditions of remedy for injury. The very convention on this subject in the Ashburton Treaty was similar to a proposition made by Lord Palmerston in 1839, yet he now turned round, and said that it was a step in the wrong direction! The case of M'Leod, which the present Government, on entering office, had found to be so imminent and dangerous, has been successfully settled, and its recurrence provided against. Lord Ashburton had in fact, obtained a better military boundary than under the award of the King of the Netherlands, he had procured the enactment of a law which would prevent the recurrence of irritating questions, and he made no concession dishonourable or disadvantageous to the country. He trusted, therefore, that the House would mark its sense of his high merits, and of the party attack which had been made on him, by supporting the motion of Mr. Hume.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL.—The Government, never thought of bringing forward a motion in defence of the tarnished honour of Lord Ashburton, nor would they have thought of doing away with those unfounded slanders, if the Hon. Member for Montrose had not come forward to help them, and the House cannot forget that so little does the Hon. Member for Montrose care about our maintaining our territorial possessions in America, that he was the intimate correspondent of one of the chief of the Canadian rebels—[Cheers]—and that, in that familiar correspondence, he loudly denounced the domination of the mother country. [Renewed cheers.] Unless, therefore, the Honourable Member for Montrose had come to the aid of the Government the House would never have heard of this motion; but it would appear that Lord Ashburton was not less dear to the Hon. Member for Montrose than the rebel Mackenzie himself. [Cheers and laughter.] With regard to those points on which Lord Ashburton is said to have made such admirable arrangements, he is said to have carried out a very successful negotiation as to the right of visit; and the Noble Lord (Stanley) thinks it enough, in order to make out this case, to quote the instructions given by my Noble Friend (Lord Palmerston) to Mr. Fox, our Minister in the United States. But my Lord Ashburton only does this, viz., he treats with respect to the treaty of Ghent regarding the suppression of the slave trade, and inserts an article by which English and French cruisers shall be stationed on the coast of Africa. Now, this is very different from what my Noble Friend wished to do, and if you desire to carry out a treaty in this manner, and upon this principle, you are making it dependent upon the annual vote of Congress what number of ships shall be employed in the way you propose.—[Hear, hear]—and if they do not furnish what you consider a sufficient number, you are driven to the necessity of complaining of their infraction of the treaty they have entered into. But there is another difference, and a more serious one, between the course pursued by Lord Ashburton and that of my Noble Friend, for Lord Aberdeen in his instructions to Lord Ashburton, said that the most important way of putting down the slave trade was by means of right of search, a mode the adoption of which has been pressed on many countries, as well as upon the United States, but which the United States declared to be one which, even for such an object as the prevention of that traffic, they never would allow. But in making a proposition of this sort, you raise the question on the part of the other powers of Europe, that if the provision that has been adopted is sufficient for Great Britain and the United States, with regard to the suppression of the slave trade, it ought also to be enough for them. [Hear.] But is your right of search treaty in any better situation now than it was under the late Government? [Hear, hear.] That principle was at that time asserted by us, and was denied by America—and it was now asserted by you, and it is now denied by America. Nothing can make this fact more clear than the remarks of Mr. Webster himself upon the subject, which have recently appeared in the papers, and in which he states what is the trespass. Again, the Noble Lord refers to the case of the Caroline; and I am happy, with regard to that subject, to be able to say, that I think the language, generally, of Lord Ashburton respecting it were such as became that Noble Lord, and such as became a Minister of this country. [Hear.] I am not disposed, on this occasion, to go into the various intricate questions connected with the subject of the negotiations respecting the disputed boundary, but I very much agree with what has been urged on that head, on a former occasion, by my Right Hon. Friend, (Mr. Macaulay), and I think the manner in which that question was negotiated—whether it was of great, or whether it was of little importance—was calculated to lower this

country in the opinion of the world, and that it has had that effect already. [Hear.] Now, there were only two ways in which the Noble Lord (Ashburton) should have acted in this negotiation about the boundary question—the one was to state what he proposed, and to leave the matter open to negotiation, and the other to give in an ultimatum, and, having done so, not to abandon it. But the Noble Lord contrived to mix up these two modes in such a manner as to affect the character of this country; and, in that part of the negotiations on the boundary question which related to the Madawaska settlement, which he had said it would be absolute cruelty to give up, he had, after that very statement, abandoned that settlement when asked to abandon it, and when told that the line of the St. John would be a clearer boundary, and that it was necessary for the interests of peace that it should be adopted as the line of separation between the two countries, he made that his proposal, and then, having so made, he immediately also abandoned that proposition. [Hear, hear, hear.] In short, he neither kept the Madawaska settlement, nor preserved the line of the river—holding neither to one proposition nor the other, and came at last to a settlement of the matter in such a manner as to affect the character of his country. No doubt this treaty of the Noble Lord, when it arrived in this country, was considered as an advantage, because the boundary question, having been long in an unsettled state, what had been done about it naturally gave satisfaction to those who, without thinking if there was a red line or not, or whether any concession had, or had not been made, were happy to have the matter brought to a close; but to those who, in the House of Commons have to consider the interests of this country, I must put it whether they will set the precedent, now proposed to be adopted, of passing a vote of thanks to a negotiator, in one case, for concessions in which that which was not necessary was settled, and, in the other, where nothing was settled at all. [Hear, hear.] And what has been the result in America, a country naturally supposed to be inclined to peaceful relations? Even in the Senate of the United States the effect of these negotiations is visible in the proposition to seize—and a most violent proposition it is—the disputed territory of Oregon. [Hear, hear.] What would you say if the House of Commons were to pass a Bill to say that that territory should be treated in a similar manner by this country as had been proposed in the Senate of the United States? It would have evinced a great disregard of the United States; and I think there is scarcely anything which shows the effect of what has been done in these negotiations, to affect the character of this country, more than that has occurred in America upon this question of the Oregon boundary. Again, if there is any part of the conduct of Lord Ashburton to which I object (so we understood the Noble Lord) more than another, it is that in which, in his congratulations of the people of Boston, he speaks of that place as the “cradle of American liberties;” but, at the same time, I do feel that the Americans, if actuated by the principles of freedom, and if they possessed a spark of the spirit of the nation from which they were sprung, were bound to resist this country under the oppression with which, at the time to which the Noble Lord referred she heaped upon them. I cannot but feel the greatest pride that so noble a government has been established in the United States of America, and that they have so many of the elements of rule, law, and order which the system of our own government possesses. I cannot conclude without expressing my hope that England and America may long continue in amity—that any disputes or little interruptions may speedily be adjusted—and that the two countries may set an example of freedom, friendship, and civilisation to the rest of the world. I do not feel that such a treaty as that which is now the subject of discussion will effect that object, or that it is deserving of the praise which some parties have awarded to it. But I do hope and trust that the mutual respect of the two countries—the respect which America must entertain towards us, and the respect which we ought unfeignedly to feel for America—I trust and think, Sir, that these sentiments will be effectual in preserving peace. [Hear.]

Sir R. PEEL.—Sir, when this subject was last before the House, I had an opportunity of entering so fully into the details of the discussion, that I feel myself relieved from the necessity of doing so to-night. The Noble Lord who has just sat down made one important admission—that when the result of the negotiation was first made known in this country it created one universal feeling of satisfaction [cheers]. Now, Sir, the people of this country are not a people apt to feel satisfaction if discreditable concessions were made by the Government. They are rather more prone to resent the affront than to tolerate undue acquiescence [hear, hear]. But what the Noble Lord says is true. The feeling at the termination of long-pending disputes and unsettled difficulties with the United States was one of universal satisfaction: and I cannot conceive a better test of the merits of the treaty than that universal feeling [continued cheers]. The people of this country concurred with the opinions which the Noble Lord expressed in the latter part of his speech—they deprecated hostilities with the United States—they deprecated war and carnage with a nation with whom they had a community of origin, of language, and of religion. The Noble Lord and the Right Honourable Gentleman have said that Lord Ashburton stained the honour of this country by unworthy language and by a capitulation of her rights; and yet, for fear of being left in a minority, they first confine themselves to making a motion for the production of papers, and then meet the motion of the Hon. Member for Montrose by an amendment that the House do adjourn. I say, therefore, that if the motion of the Hon. Member for Montrose be an unusual one, it has reference to a course of an unexampled character [hear, hear]. And then, forsooth, the Honourable Member's opinions on Canada—on a subject that has no reference to that before the House—are put forward as an insuperable objection to the House of Commons deciding whether his motion be a just one or not. But the Noble Lord, the Member for London, was not always so ready to disdain and decry the Hon. Member [cheers and laughter]. After all, Sir, what miserable cavilling is this about the language used by Lord Ashburton in reference to the Madawaska settlement. Having a point to gain for Great Britain, he made use of the language which he deemed strongest and most likely to achieve it. And is it then to be said that he sacrificed the honour of his country, because he did not insist on the letter of that language? It would go hard with negotiators if they were bound by this notion with respect to language used by them in attempting to gain the most favourable terms for the countries by which they are employed [hear, hear]. But the real question is, where would you have now been, if the Washington treaty had not been concluded? The real discussion does not turn on the Madawaska settlement or on the river St. John. But the great and important question which the good sense of the country will decide is, whether, with respect to a nation with which we have such close connection by trade, affinity, and otherwise, on which our own colonies border for an extent of 1,500 miles—the question that the intelligent people of this country asked themselves was this—Is it right that this conflict of diplomacy, which has lasted for ten years without any practical prospect of settlement—is it right that it should be adjusted, and is it, on the whole, an adjustment honourable and advantageous to the empire? And the people decided that it was so [immense cheering]. If some arrangement



were not made would you be in possession of the disputed territory? My Honourable and Gallant Friend (Sir H. Douglas), who knows more on this subject than any man in the House, has shown that the consequence of delay was that the territory was daily slipping away from us, and that on the spot where he himself a few years ago apprehended an American citizen for asserting the sovereignty of the United States, forts have been since erected by the United States without any remonstrance from the British Government. Why did the Noble Lord oppose permit this? Was this an honourable way of vindicating the honour of England? [Cheers.] The Noble Lord says, why not try another treaty, and trust to the reports and to the influence of your own commissioners, Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh. But, however able these gentlemen may be, I find that on the 10th of March, 1842, a report was presented to Congress, the commissioners' names appended to which are considered by the Americans as much entitled to attention and respect as those of Messrs. Featherstonhaugh and Mudge. (The Right Hon. Gentleman then read an extract from the report in question, in which the American commissioners stated that the line claimed by the United States was, in every respect, more just and rational than the one contended for by Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh—and was more in accordance with the meaning of the proclamation of 1762, or of the Quebec Act of 1774, and of the treaty of 1783, than any other could be.) Sir, continued the Right Honourable Baronet, this is the construction put upon the report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonhaugh, and without expressing an opinion on the correctness of that report, is it probable that the seven commissioners from Maine and Massachusetts and the Governments of those States, would have acquiesced in the reasoning of the two gentlemen in question? [hear, hear.] But again the Noble Lord says that the United States Senate has passed a Bill (by a majority of two, I believe,) appropriating the Oregon territory as a portion of the possessions of the United States. To that I oppose, in the first place, this circumstance, that the Executive Government of the Union, who has in its hands the conduct of diplomatic negotiations, has acceded to a proposition of the English Government, or rather made one to us, that the question of the Columbia River should be amicably settled between the two countries [hear, hear]. And next I must remind the Noble Lord, that the House of Representatives, a popular body, as open as the Senate to the desire of an increase of territory—that the House of Representatives, with all the correspondence before them, still refused to sanction the Bill agreed to by the Senate, so that the session passed without anything being done. I may further say, Sir, that I have every hope that, by a prudent and temperate course of proceeding, these difficulties will be amicably arranged [cheers]. With respect to the right of visitation, no concession whatever has been made by the Washington treaty of any part of the principle maintained by Great Britain. We make no claim to detain or search American vessels if we know them to be American; and if, in ascertaining the question of suspected nationality, our officers make any mistake, it is done on our own responsibility, and we declare our readiness to make reparation for any injury that may thus be sustained. And what has brought this question into its present position? [hear, hear.] I tell the Noble Lord that if he had limited himself to the claim of visiting suspected vessels no angry feeling would have arisen. But the Noble Lord captured or authorised the capture of American vessels.

Viscount PALMERSTON made an inaudible observation, the purport of which we believe to have been dissentient, and that he had already explained the matter.

Sir R. PEEL continued—In February, 1841, I heard that the Noble Lord issued orders to British captains not to capture American vessels—that vessels *bona fide* American should not be captured. Then from that it is to be inferred that previous to this order such captures must have been made. The Noble Lord, I believe, acquiesces. Now, it has been admitted that if an American vessel were evidently equipped for the slave trade—carrying fetters, and provisions sufficient for ten times the number her crew, we have no right whatever to meddle with that vessel. But when it appears that we have for some years claimed a right to visit and search vessels, knowing them to be *bona fide* American, it is no wonder that excited feelings were created in the States on the question of the right of visit. The Noble Lord should bear in mind that Mr. Fox proposed a mutual right of visit as the most effectual means of suppressing the trade. Mr. Fox further stated in his communication to the American Government, that the coast of Africa swarmed with slavers, apparently American, and that a rich harvest would await the arrival of an American squadron. Now this was in 1839, and it shows notwithstanding the treaty of Ghent, nothing effectual had been done. [The Right Hon. Baronet, in a low tone of voice, read extracts from letters of Mr. Fox, in order to illustrate his position.] Reverting to the subject of the Oregon territory, he continued with respect to this question, I believe that, notwithstanding the vote of the American Senate, the two nations will enter into an amicable settlement, and with respect to the boundary question generally (as we understood) the last advices bring assurances from the American authorities that they are actuated by the same feeling with ourselves—namely, that the line of demarcation should be drawn as simply as possible—by a full force of engineers, and that the survey should be finished in one year, instead of being spread over three. Such are the assurances we have received. As regards the right of visit, the American Government has concurred with our wish that matter should be arranged in a friendly manner. I cannot enter into the details of these communications, and can only reiterate my conviction that these difficulties will be amicably settled, if we avoid raking up exasperated feelings. This object will be much facilitated by the predominant sentiment of mutual respect and reciprocal knowledge of responsible duties. I feel hopeful, Sir, that notwithstanding the indications of hostility exhibited by a small party, the treaty concluded by Lord Ashburton will not only terminate the difficult point of the boundary, but lay the foundation of future friendly relations. Mutual convictions of interest are the surest foundations of such relations, but my belief is that so far as negotiation can accomplish that object, Lord Ashburton's mission will have established it on a firm basis. (Hear, hear.) And if such be the feeling of this House—looking to the position of the eminent man in question—to the difficulties he had to encounter—that he had not only to gain the consent of the seven commissioners respecting Maine and Massachusetts, in addition to that of the American Government, resolving these matters in your mind, I do hope that you will deal out to Lord Ashburton the justice of vindicating him from the attacks that have been made upon him—attacks and accusations of various kinds, as that he was a citizen of the United States, and that he had some paltry pecuniary motive of his own to advance. (Cries of "Hear, hear, hear.") If you believe those attacks to be unjust and unfounded, you will support the motion of the Noble Lord. (Loud and prolonged laughter.) Sir, (continued the Right Honourable Gentleman in a jocular tone) my Noble Friend never was compelled in the course of his speech to allude to hypercriticism, and Gentlemen do seem a little fastidious about this little mistake—I am glad however, that I made no greater mistake—(Great cheering)—and if Hon. Gentlemen thought my argument unjust, they would

not have fastened on this little error. I willingly yield to this correction if they do, the justice of supporting the motion of the Honourable Member for Montrose. (Loud cheering.)

Lord PALMERSTON said he had trespassed at so much length on the patience of the House on a former night, upon this subject, that it would be unpardonable in him to do so again on the present occasion. But he must say, that so far were we from having gained any advantage by the treaty to which this discussion referred, we had surrendered rights to which we were proved to have a good claim, and which might have been asserted without difficulty, had the negotiation been better conducted. The Hon. and Learned Member for Liskeard was mistaken as to the statement he made with reference to the line of the river St. John. That line was agreed to before the negotiation of this treaty, and was to have extended to the upper lakes. It was said that we had received a strip of land which of right belonged to the United States, but Colonel Brieden of the Engineers, had clearly shown that, although the due north line diverged from the due meridian, we had given up not land that belonged to the United States, but to ourselves. Much had been said as to our having accepted the award of the King of the Netherlands, and the present Government had been desirous to make this the basis of the negotiation. The present Government were certainly, he admitted, very fond of following the example of the late Government, but not rightly, or to a proper extent, in principle or practice. In the award made by the King of the Netherlands, it was not at the time known upon what grounds that award was made, but since then it had been ascertained that the American Government was in possession of a map which clearly showed that the line decided upon by that award gave to the United States a large extent of country to which they had no right. But why go back to the award of the King of the Netherlands? If the Government were so anxious as they on all occasions seemed to be to follow the example of the late Government, why not take the course of the St. John, which had been much later proposed, as the boundary of the whole disputed country? As to the case of the *Caroline*, he was not disposed to find fault with the manner in which that affair had been disposed of. We certainly had committed a territorial aggression, but it was at a spot occupied only by a lawless banditti, and he was therefore glad that Lord Ashburton had not made any apology, although Mr. Webster, in his letters, has endeavoured to put such a construction on the correspondence. That matter was settled, and he did not find fault with it, but he must say it could not have been so easy to settle had they not stated the grounds on which they looked upon it as an act of justifiable defence, and that they had done at the very outset of the very business. (Hear, hear.) The grounds had been distinctly put forward to the American Government, not only by Mr. Fox but also by himself, and consequently he was entitled to think that that matter been left without any further communication there was good reason for supposing that those grounds would not have been considered insufficient. They next came to the question of the right of visit. The Right Honourable Baronet said that that important matter had been put in peril by a note which he had addressed to the American Minister—a note which the Right Hon. Baronet had styled an insulting note, written, he said, in a spirit calculated to excite discordant and disagreeable feelings. He denied that that was a just representation of any communication of his. [Opposition cheers.] He had never called the American flag "a piece of bunting." When he had used that expression he was not describing the American flag—he was alluding to that which was not the American flag—to that which was not entitled to the protection of America—and in his opinion the Noble Lord could not furnish him with a better appellation for that which the pirate or smuggler hoisted as the American flag, but which was really no such thing. But the Right Hon. Baronet had said that America had been irritated by their having ordered the capture of some American vessels. He was desirous of explaining this matter. [Hear, hear.] It was true that they had ordered the British cruisers on the coast of Africa to cease from capturing American vessels, and it was also true that this order for the cessation of the capture necessarily implied that the capture had taken place. Certainly for a time this system of capture had been adopted, but it had been adopted exclusively in consequence of a request sent by Lieut. Payne, the commander of the American vessels, to Captain Tucker, the commander of the British cruisers on the African coast, to capture all the American vessels, which he suspected as slavers, falsely carrying the American standard. [Cheers.] It was solely in consequence of the agreement entered into between Lieut. Payne and Captain Tucker that any capture had taken place. The agreement—an agreement, he must say honourable to Lieut. Payne—was not approved by the Government of America, and orders were sent out to him from the United States to rescind that agreement. When they had learned that that agreement had not been approved by the American Government, they also, as they were bound to do, sent out orders to discontinue the system of capture. [Hear.] And so the mistake which had arisen with regard to this capture had been founded upon the circumstance, that when this matter was discussed, men overlooked the arrangement which he had just explained. [Cheers.] Certainly there had been several ships detained under the agreement. They had been sent to the United States for adjudication—and when they arrived, the people of America hearing that these vessels, bearing their flag, had been captured by British cruisers, had felt some degree of vexation and dissatisfaction: but that dissatisfaction had existed only because they, like the Right Honourable Baronet overlooked the circumstance that the capture had arisen, not from any pretensions on the part of England, but from the desire and expressed wish of the American officer commanding on the coast of Africa. But Lord Ashburton—in his first communication to Lord Aberdeen—had represented that the proposal of the American Government had been to carry into practice the agreement which had been entered into by Lieutenant Payne. If it had been so, he for one would certainly have never opposed it, for it would have amounted to nothing more or less than a concession of the right of search; but Lord Ashburton had been mistaken, and had put a wrong interpretation upon the proposal of America. That proposal, instead of being any enlargement of the right of visit, had turned out to be a serious diminution of it. There again the Government sheltered themselves under the wing of their example, and said "that they had only done by treaty what their predecessors had proposed beforehand." But did they not understand the difference between an arrangement entered into by two Governments and a solemn treaty made between two great nations? That difference had been pointed out by his Noble Friend. That difference was great—it was vital. He had pressed upon the Government of the United States, if they would not give them the right of search, to send vessels of their own. But what then had been the proposal of the commissioners at Sierra Leone? Why, that the English and American ships sail in couples. If that course were adopted it would follow that a ship would always be there ready to examine a suspicious vessel of either nation, and such an arrangement would quite sufficiently effect the object which they had in view. But the arrangement made by the treaty was very different. Under it America was to send a small force to the coast of Africa; but there was nothing in the treaty declar-



ing that the vessels of England and America were to sail together, or lay down any regulations with regard to them. There was nothing to decide how they were to go, and the Captain of an American vessel might think it best to sail to the north, while the officer of an English cruiser would think it the wisest plan to go southwards. They naturally might differ on the point, and the end of it would be that they would not go together. Then would arise what had been foreseen and foretold by the commissioners. A vessel of suspicious appearance would be seen. She might first be seen by an English cruiser. She would immediately hoist American colours, and she, of course, must pass unmolested. Presently she might be met by an American vessel. Then in turn she would hoist British colours, and again would she pass unmolested, thus escaping between the two. [Cheers and Laughter.] So, unless the vessels were together, the arrangement would excite rivalry, and cause confusion instead of increasing the power and utility of their naval police. [Hear, hear, hear.] The treaty said that "America should join England in using her best endeavours to put an end to the slave trade." He denied that by the arrangement of the treaty they were using their best endeavours, and yet the Government had thought fit to adopt it. He thought that Government had pursued a strange course with regard to the present motion. If they thought that the character of their Noble Friend had been unjustly assailed, and that a vote of Parliament was necessary for its vindication, it was, to his mind, an unmanly abandonment of their friend not at once to propose it. [Opposition cheers.] For if his Hon. Friend, the Member for Montrose, had not taken Lord Ashburton under his protection, he would have remained under that obloquy—[Immense cheers from the Ministerial side, followed by cheers from the Opposition]—which had been so plentifully heaped upon him. Whatever gratitude the Noble Lord might owe to the Honourable Member, certain it was that he owed none to the Government who were his friends and patrons, and who should have been the first to defend him. [Hear, hear.] His (Lord Palmerston's) objection to the vote was, that the treaty for which it was to be given was not a treaty, on the whole, advantageous to the country; but if it were considered advantageous, then the question would arise whether the credit rested with the negotiators or with the Government whose instructions he had followed? He had asked for those instructions to see to whom that credit was due in the present instance, but the papers had been refused by the Right Hon. Gentleman, and he was therefore put out of court in laying claim to the credit either for the Government or for the negotiator. [Oh, oh! Divide, divide!] During the latter part of the Noble Lord's speech he was frequently interrupted by their expressions of impatience. Could it be true that the British Parliament was to give a solemn vote of thanks to a negotiator for having saved the nation from the wrath of the people of Maine? If this were to be so, he blushed for the humiliation of his country! The vote, if agreed to, would confer no honour to him for whom it was intended; while it would tend to degrade this country in the eyes of the world. [Cheers.]

Mr. HUME briefly replied. He was surprised that the Noble Lord the Member for London should have alluded to McKenzie among the thousands of rebels whom the Government of the Colonies had created. It was a proof of his having no good argument against the motion.

The House then divided. For the adjournment, 185; Against it, 240; Majority, 155. The original motion was then put—For the motion, 238; Against it, 96; Majority, 142.

On our return, a conversation was taking place, which ended, as we understood, in Lord J. Russell's motion for a vote of thanks to Sir Henry Pottinger being adjourned for a fortnight.

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## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1843.

Every Postmaster, or any other individual, who will obtain Five new subscribers, and remit \$15, current money, free of postage, shall receive a free copy of THE ANGLO AMERICAN one year.

The Washington Treaty may be now considered fairly disposed of, and set at rest. It was brought up again, in the lower house of Parliament, by Mr. Hume, with a view to bestow on Lord Ashburton the same kind of public compliment as that which he had recently received from the House of Lords. It was a novel exhibition to see the honourable gentleman for once siding with, and supported by, a Tory ministry; and it was a sorry hearing to listen to the pertinacious complainings of Lord Palmerston and his friends, although they had come off so lamely in the previous discussions of the subject. That subject is now pretty well exhausted, the debate on the motion for a vote of thanks having filled in whatsoever might have been omitted by either side in previous discussions. We give the debate in our columns to-day and would particularly refer our readers to the speech of Sir Robert Peel on those points which are connected with the Oregon Territory and the Right of Visit. It is really too ridiculous to see the movements of alarmists who would fain run headlong into quarrels, in order to keep out of quarrels.

It seems to us exceedingly singular that the British Legislature is so very averse to enter upon any enactment with a view to the settlement of the Scottish Church question. As to the remark, that the existing laws are sufficient for settling the differences which now exist, it is worse than idle; daily experience shews their inadequacy, and it must be evident that not only will there be large secessions from the Presbyterian religion as by law established, but there will be general religious disruption, capable of originating most inflammatory proceedings. The Scottish nation is not one of cold profession in religious matters; that people have at all times been remarkable for their enthusiasm, but more especially since the period of the reformation. It is a part of the parental duty in Scotland, which is rarely neglected, to fix in their children betimes the religious principles in which they are expected to walk; and polemical discussion, with considerable warmth, is frequent in private as well as in public. Hence religious confusion may easily be produced, and, among men who think so intently and feel so enthusiastically, great danger is to be apprehended when their most important principles are put in jeopardy.

We are somewhat surprised that so able a looker-on as Sir Robert Peel,—one who reads human nature with much accuracy, and who ought to know something

of the Scottish character,—should neglect a subject in which the very integrity of a portion of the British empire is considerably at stake, and allow his time and that of the government to be frittered away in squabbles many of which are of very minor account. The Scottish nobility, however, are doing their duty in keeping the matter alive, and at least we may hope that if existing laws are sufficient for adjusting these matters, their efficacy may at once be tested; or, on the other hand, if they need modification or improvement, that such alteration will be effected before mischievous consequences ensue.

Russia, after all, has made the Porte succumb in the matter of the Servian question. Here is a direct interference with the internal policy of an acknowledged independent government; is it really independent, and how long will it continue to be so, when a powerful neighbour can dictate thus? The principle now becomes a precedent, and the second demand may be more insolent than the first. But look at the other part of Russian affairs as connected with Turkey. The Czar has become impatient at the protracted war with so inconsiderable a state as that of Circassia; he has gained neither honour nor territory by it as yet, and the possession of that region would enable him to attack Turkey in her Asiatic positions; he therefore resolves to prepare a large force, and to overwhelm the brave mountaineers whose patriotic stand ought to have produced in him admiration and respect. He may succeed in this; our own belief is that he will not. The Russian soldiery are not hearty in the quarrel, whilst, on the other hand, the Caucasians are resolute to a man. They form a glorious barrier, and they make an admirable diversion of the Muscovite schemes.

In all this there is no demonstration made on the part of the other European powers. The world looks on at the aggressions of a power which will never rest short of general monarchy over the whole world, or of an important curtailment of her own influence. It is to be hoped that supineness is not the evil of present policy, but it should be remembered that small and almost imperceptible steps, like the progress of indolence, securely attain their object, and one becomes startled into the true state of things when it is too late.

### DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAGOT.

We have the melancholy duty to announce the death of His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B. Governor-General of Canada, &c., &c., after a long and most excruciatingly severe indisposition. He expired early on the morning of Friday, the 19th inst. It is understood that the remains of His Excellency will be taken to England in H.M.S. Warspite, at present lying at anchor in this port, and that his bereaved lady and daughters will likewise return to England by the same conveyance.

Sir Charles Bagot has long been a distinguished diplomatist and politician, and has fulfilled the high duties of ambassador to some of the most important countries in the world. He was formerly British Minister at Washington, where, both in his public and private relations, he obtained the highest respect of all who came in contact with him. He was afterwards Ambassador at the Hague, where he successfully used his talents and influence in settling the vexed question between Holland and Belgium, and subsequently his duties as Governor-General of British North America have been of a most arduous nature, performed for the most part under the pressure of sickness and pain.

The family of Sir Charles Bagot is of the most ancient as well as the noblest of the English peerage; they came in with the Conqueror, and were the founders of the noble house of Stafford and Buckingham. They have intermarried with the best blood of England, amongst others with the Wellesleys, Legges, Jenkinsons, Howards, (the Suffolk branch,) Hays, Villiers, St. Johns, &c., &c., and are, in fact, among the most distinguished of the ancient Anglo-Norman families.

Sir Charles leaves a family of eight children to mourn his loss, softened, however, by the reflection that in all relations of society he has been honoured, loved, and respected. With respect to the policy carried out by him in Canada, it skills not here to speak, nor is it generally known whether he adopted his own course or followed that which was laid down for him by the government. We doubt not that he was conscientious in all his proceedings, honest in his intents, and if they did not always turn out for the best, we believe he will at least have the praise from the world, as he had the inward convictions, that he earnestly meant all for the best.

The Canada Journals announce the death of Mr. Robert Weir, Jun., late Editor of the Montreal Courier. He is highly lauded by them both as an independent and scholar-like conductor of a public journal, and as a gentleman in feelings and manners.

On Wednesday last her Majesty Queen Victoria completed the twenty-fourth year of her age; on which occasion a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired on board H. M. S. Warspite, which was replied to by a compliment of a similar kind from the U. S. Ship North Carolina. On the same day a number of English gentlemen, members of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, having met for the purpose of playing their first match of the season, the always-gratifying toast of "The Queen" was given by them with the enthusiastic loyalty for which they are justly remarkable, accompanying it with four times four, and "one cheer more."

The Steam Ship *Great Western* departed from this port for Liverpool on Thursday afternoon, she had upwards of 110 passengers on board.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The engagement of Mrs. Brougham and Mr. George Vandenhoff terminated with their benefits on Friday and Saturday last. We regret to say that they have not been so profitable to the fortunes of the house as their intrinsic merits deserved. Of Mrs. Brougham as an artist we think highly, she is lady-like in her demeanour, and always letter-perfect in her part



—a quality, by the bye, which we earnestly wish were more imitated by others than it is—and steadily endeavours to make the most of it. One redundancy, however, there is in Mrs. Brougham's acting, which might be restrained with beneficial effect; she curtsies too much, and the air of formality which she thereby throws on her performances somewhat detracts from their effectiveness. Mr. Vandenhoff labours too evidently to make hits, he reads his characters well, but his over-assiduity becomes tiresome. This actor was thrown into a somewhat ludicrous position a few nights ago, without any fault of his own—as we hear the story—but which, if the audience had been an ill-natured one, might have damaged him in their estimation. It was in the play of "The Suspicious Husband;" Bellamy and Frankly, two of the characters, are to have a rencontre on the stage, and Ranger (Vandenhoff) is to step in and part them. But "honest Ranger" had unfortunately sustained some damage to the integuments of his nether man, and was at that very moment in the hands of the schneider, who was stitching him up, consequently the pugnacious gentlemen, after exchanging a few thrusts, were, like Hotspur of old, "Breathless and faint, leaning upon their swords," and obliged to wait for Ranger to come and separate them. It was too ridiculous, and the audience laughed and hissed not.

After the termination of the Vandenhoff and Brougham engagement, Mr. Grattan completed his three nights and his benefit. He has not made a strong impression, his conceptions of character being better than his representations. During the latter part of this week Mr. Booth has commenced his series of characters; we cannot think this last engagement judicious, although we admit the powers of Mr. Booth, but they are unequal, and there is not a certainty that he will play any one of them well throughout. And besides, there is not material at this house for sustaining the rôle of tragedy.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The season at this delightful little theatre has been brought to its close. Mr. Corbyn, the worthy treasurer, had a bumper benefit on Monday, and the manager had a similar one, in which he bade a temporary farewell, on Tuesday. Never was there a more faithful hard-working company than that which forms the Olympic establishment, and so good are the materials that we trust they will have the adhesive property in no small degree, as they seem to know how to play up to each other, exactly.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The new play of "The Secretary," by Sheridan Knowles, has been acted here a few nights; but Knowles, whom we never could admire as a writer even in his best days, has now become more and more vapid, and his later pieces will scarcely tell even for stage effect. We consider criticism as wasted upon them. Mrs. Shaw, decidedly the best actress in her line now in America, has commenced an engagement here. She is playing *Ion*, that beautiful conception of Talfourd, which seems to stand alone among the dramatic characters of modern times, and she acts it admirably. We perceive by the bills that Mrs. Shaw is studying the part of *Eriadne* in the tragedy of "The Statue," and we are predisposed to believe she will render it highly effective.

#### "THEATRE FRANCAIS," AT NIBLO'S.

Everybody is aware of Mr. Niblo's taste, and of the judgment with which he tasks himself every summer to render his theatre and his delightful garden the most charming and most agreeable place of visit during the evenings. This gentleman, not satisfied with past success is now surpassing himself; sparing neither expense nor cares, knowing no obstacle, he determines to give us here in New York, operas the most fashionable in Paris, vaudevilles, and dramas of the most interesting character, from the Repertory of Paris. When the French population of this city learned the good news, there were great rejoicings among them, for such is their temperament, that without a theatre they can hardly be said to live. For a fortnight before the opening there was no other subject at Delmonico's, except the handsome face of Madame So-and-so; those who had been to New Orleans gave their reports, to which all others listened as to most important affairs; in fact, since the last tariff, so dear to the memory of the French, there had not been any affair of so great moment. But is this event for the French only? At this time when every American lady whose education has been carefully attended to, and every young man whose tastes are elegant, speaks French with facility; now, that French is *par excellence* the language of all who pique themselves on the superiority of their breeding, it is natural to expect that the American population also, of this city, will be willing to participate in the good fortune, which the enterprising proprietor of this establishment has prepared. At this moment it may be said that the French have shewn somewhat more enthusiasm than the Americans; but the moment that a remarkable opera like "L'Ambassadrice," "Le Domino Noir," &c., shall appear, the two nations will emulate each other in the warmth of their zeal.

The opening was not without difficulty; even yet the company have only received a portion of their costumes; the orchestra had to be formed, and the scenery to be modified. The selections for performance, therefore, were somewhat more confined than they will be in future. The opening night was on the 19th inst., with "La Nuit aux Soufflets," an amusing vaudeville, full of lively dialogue, and "Polichinelle." What is this Polichinelle? A fine young man, newly married to a woman whom he idolizes, and from whom he carefully hides his theatrical profession for fear of losing her affection. Unfortunately for his secret his father-in-law arrives, a somewhat unlucky envoy who has been promised the order of the Golden Spur if he can carry off from the Neapolitans their favourite Polichinello. The embarrassment of the young man may be imagined; his father-in-law knows not and must not know his profession, which is not generally considered to be very aristocratic. On the other hand are his duties, his rehearsals, his studies, and the visits of the *Impressaria* to keep her beloved Polichinello before the public; he however, in order to avoid performing, during the time that his father-in-law remains in Naples, pretends to be ill; but the people will not hear a word of sickness; they gather under the window

of their favourite, and vociferously demand to see him, as they fear he has been carried off. As soon as they see the object of their adoration, they applaud him enthusiastically, and throw in bouquets and crowns as tokens of their delight. The Envoy father-in-law is mortified at having given his daughter to a person of that quality; but as the King of Naples grants him the order of the Golden Spur, and as his daughter tenderly loves her husband, he is comforted, and pardons Polichinello on account of the decorations he has procured him. The dialogue of this *petit opera* is natural and sprightly; the music is easy, light and agreeable. It is well played and sung by M. and Mme. Lecourt, Mme. Mathieu, and M. Bernard.

The Drama of "Oscar" is cold, and deficient in both action and comedy. Mlle. Maria, a charming actress appeared in it. We shall pass by this, and speak of the "Memoires du Diable," the success of which has been justly great, through the excellent acting of Lecourt, Dessonville, and Mathieu. The chief fault of this drama arises from its being adapted to the indifferent music of Doche; the plot is somewhat complicated; it is not similar to the romance of that name by Fred. Soulie, but on the contrary it exhibits, if not the punishment of crime, at least the triumph of virtue. It is true that to arrive at this happy result, it is necessary to call in the aid of "the devil," but this is an excellent "devil," whose part is at once moral and honorable.

On Wednesday evening the performances were "Moiroud & Co," and "La Perruche." The latter is a light *petit opera*, the plot of which is the love of a lady for a favourite parrot which has escaped from her, and the love of a stupid Marquis for the lady. It is laughable throughout; it also introduced Mlle. Lagier to the audience, whose voice, though deficient in vigour, gives promise of a third *chanteuse* of a talent not ordinarily found. The music, by Clapissou, is elegant, but not quite equal to some by the same composer, in point of freedom and design. We observed in one grand piece for the tenor an enharmonic passage which we thought very hard and heavy.

The vaudeville of "Moiroud & Co" was played with great humour and animation by M. and Mme. Mathieu. In the firm of Moiroud & Co., is M. Bonin, who had been married to an unsupportable shrew, but from whom he is now divorced, and by whom he has a son. After a long absence Bonin returns to Paris, to the house of a correspondent named Blanchet, who proves to be the husband of his own divorced wife. He also finds here his son by her, a thousand whimsical scenes ensue in consequence of these rencontres, and all things are brought, as usual, to a happy conclusion.

"L'Ambassadrice" was announced for last night, in which Mlle. Calvi, a distinguished pupil of Mme. Cinti Damoreau sings most delightfully. Mme. Lecourt, who is a very pretty actress, and whose voice is clear, fine, and touching, has likewise an important part in this opera, to which we predict a success which will recall to the dilettanti of New York the happy days of Mme. Mathieu.

Thus far, rapidly, on the transactions of the week, and now we would hazard a few remarks. And first we recommend that the same work be not represented on two successive nights; secondly, that they give as many operas as possible. There are many in one act which are truly charming, and which they would be wrong to neglect. We would recommend to them, particularly, "Le Châlet," "Le Maître de Chappelle," "Le Concert à la Cour," "Le Nouveau Seigneur," "Les Deux Reines," &c. &c. These operas are excellent and easily got up.

We cannot terminate our present report without begging of M. Bernard that he will be pleased to study his part somewhat more carefully. His excellent talents will be likely to suffer in estimation unless he do so. The prompter also would do well not to speak so loud; we have observed with pleasure that in the last two representations he has in some measure corrected that fault, but something more is required yet to be restrained.

#### PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 16th April, 1843.

Alas! and again, alas! The Italian opera is dispersed. No more does Paris possess Lablache, nor Grisi, nor Persiani, nor Mario, nor Tamburini! All these glorious artists are now in England, receiving the enthusiastic plaudits which await them wheresoever they go. As I know you are curious in such matters, I shall now name to you the fifteen works which have been given here during the past winter; these are, Lucia di Lammermoor, La Semiramide, La Sonnambula, La Cenerentola, L'Elisir d'Amore, Norma, Tancredi, I Cantatrici, Lucrezia Borgia, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Il Don Giovanni, La Gazza Ladrone, Otello, and the two new operas by Donizetti of Linda di Chamouni, and Don Pasquale. This is, I think, an imposing and varied list, and testifies the incessant activity of Messrs. Vatel and Janin, the actual directors of the Italian Opera. These gentlemen are preparing important reforms for the ensuing autumn; they promise four new operas during the season. This activity, this desire to please the public, these plentiful resources, assure to this fortunate theatre an existence more and more flourishing. The following is the list of vocalists who will compose the company for the ensuing winter; viz., Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Nissen, Brambilla:—Tenore, Messrs. Mario, Salvi, and Corelli:—Basses and Barytones, Messrs. Fornasari, Ronconi, and Morelli.

While the Italians, after a successful season, are preparing for another at least as good, the Royal Academy of Music continues its representations of Charles VI. In my last letter I gave you a brief analysis of this new work, and informed you of the musical worth of this latest essay of the author of *La Juive*. Notwithstanding the exaggerated praises of the great Paris journals, I maintain my critique to be well founded, and I do not change from my first conclusions. But I must tell you that Duprez, who believed he had a right to throw up the part of the Dauphin,—a part quite below the merit of that celebrated tenor—has been obliged to resume it, by order of the Tribunal of Commerce. The process has convinced the public of the absolute dictation which Madame Rosine Stolz exercises upon M. Leon Pillet and the Grand Opera.

The great event of this month, for the opera, will be the representation to be given on the 22d inst., for the benefit of Madame Cinti Damoreau. This will be the last appearance of this Queen of song upon a Parisian stage. As I desire to put you and your readers in possession of our musical doings, I may in-



form you of the programme of this grand fête; it will be as follows; the first act of L'Ambassadrice, by Madame Damoreau, Mdle. Carlotti Grisi, and Roger; the first act of La Muette de Portici; the second act of the Guerillo, and a musical interlude in which Artôt will execute on the violin variations sung by Madame Damoreau.

The Comic Opera has not yet given the work by Balfe. This opera which is now called La Puits d'Amour and which is announced definitively for the day after to-morrow, will be sustained by Madame Thillon, Mdle. Darcier, and Messrs. Chollet, Audran, and Henri. People are inclined to the Comic Opera without the theatre having need of new works. At present a young debutante draws all Paris, her name is Mdle. Lavoye, she is a pupil of Cinti Damoreau, and she possesses the admirable method of her teacher. She has comprehended and re-produced all the grace, the spirit, and all the finesse of Damoreau. Her facility in executing difficulties is not that of a debutante but of a consummate artiste. She performs the most surprising passages; her voice, without being very powerful, reaches sonorous and distinct to every point of the Saloon; its tone is perfectly pure, but in the upper notes particularly there is a sweetness and a charm beyond expression. It is a voice which pleases, interests, and captivates in the highest degree. If I speak so long concerning Mdle. Lavoye it is because I think she is to be placed among the most celebrated vocalists of our time, and I believe that you have faith in my praises.

You recollect what I have said concerning Camillo Sivori? Well, on the 6th of this month the hall of the Italian Theatre was too small to contain the numerous admirers of that admirable artist. He played three times, and at his third piece (the Carnival of Venice) the execution was such that he was obliged to play it entirely again. Alphonse Karr asserts that the soul of Paganini remains imprisoned in the violin of Sivori! Assuredly this extraordinary violinist sufficed to render the evening one to be commemorated, but a young French pianist whose reputation now rivals that of Thalberg, added a powerful attraction. This pianist, whose execution is at once elegant, rapid, energetic, and bold, whose agility is prodigious, and of whom no correct idea can be formed without having heard him, is Emile Prudent, a young man hitherto unknown, confined, as it were in the depths of Provincial practice, and who now places himself in the same rank with Thalberg. Are you aware that this is Sigismond Thalberg, the royal pianist, whom one may, without exaggeration, suppose to have ten fingers on each hand? If you have never heard him, I am about to render you happy in announcing that he will depart for Vienna in a few days, and that he purposes, about the month of August, to undertake a voyage to America, to pass through the United States, Havana, Mexico, and South America. I shall have occasion to speak again of this voyage, the execution of which will be of great importance to the pianists and musicians of your city.

For some time back the principal conversation in Paris has been concerning the concert for the benefit of the sufferers at Guadalupe. On this occasion two noble artists have exerted themselves with energy and generosity; Servais and Thalberg. The latter has played in the Saloons of Col. Thörn, and, thanks to him, the pecuniary result of the fête has been nearly \$4,000. This result is fine, doubtless; but what shall we say of that which was produced at Rubini's first concert at St. Petersburg? The receipt was upwards of \$30,000!!! My dear sir, you will have to write many a musical critique, many a column of journalism, you will have to become great favourites with the public, before you two will gain in five or six months that which the divine Tenor has received from the Russian nobility in exchange for two or three cavatinas.

From Rubini to Rossini the transition is quite natural. I shall therefore inform you that Giacomo Rossini is on his way for Paris, where his apartments are already prepared. This time it is no false news. This return may bring at the same time some new *chef d'œuvre*; it would be an easy task to the author of the Mose, William Tell, La Gazza Ladra, and The Barber!

I would write at length on Germany and Italy, but I fear that my letter is already long enough. I shall therefore just observe that the Italian Opera at Vienna has just opened with Linda di Chamouni, and Nabucco, which will be succeeded by Il Barbiere, and Don Pasquale. The *troupe* at Vienna consists of Mesdames Tadolini, Viardot, Garcia, Alboni, De Giuli, and Messrs. Varese, Derivis, Guasco Rovere, (buffo) Ronconi, and Salvi.

At Venice they are receiving with favour an opera, by Ferrari, called L'Ultimo giorno de Suli.

The musical season being now advanced, and not much of novelty now to be expected, I shall continue to give you any news that may be interesting. On your side, I trust that your Philharmonic Society continues to advance musical taste in New York, and that shortly your city will also have remarkable artists to send to Paris. Amen.

G. C.

### Concerts.

**MR. BROUGH'S CONCERT.**—This old and well-deserved favourite of the musical public is at present among us, but he has quitted the vocal profession. As times are, perhaps, he has done wisely, but one cannot refrain from refreshing the memory with the recollection of his "Light of other days," "Farewell to the mountains," "As I view," and other deathless melodies. A few friends pressed him to give one *Soiree vocale*, and he complied with the request on Wednesday night, at the Apollo Rooms. Here he was greeted by a large audience, and sang several of his best songs, some of which were new, as from him; particularly "The Admiral," a composition by H. Phillips, and "He led her to the altar." Mrs. Loder, whose vocalism is essentially of the Italian school, made a mistake in selecting "Auld Robin Gray," which is neither suited to her voice nor her style. That ballad needs not ornament, it is injured by any embellishment whatever; the plain text of the melody sung in *sostenuto* manner sinks into the heart of the hearers, but frippery, however sparingly put on, spoils it. The concert was still farther assisted by Miss Mary Taylor and Mr. Brown.

**THE MISSES CUMMINGS' AND MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERT AT THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY SALOON.**—All these vocalists are well and favourably known to the public, and they give the Scottish melodies with admirable effect. They will give a *Soiree* as above on Tuesday evening next, and we most cordially wish them success. See their advertisement on another column.

### Literary Notices.

**THE NEW MIRROR.**—This elegant Hebdomadal, under the joint management of G. P. Morris and N. P. Willis, Esqrs., has been greatly improved this week. In addition to the sprightly and elegant literature with which it abounds, they have substituted an elegant steel engraving as its weekly embellishment instead of the scroll border in the first page of each. This is manifestly for

the better, and, we doubt not, will be appreciated by the subscribers to the work. The graphic subject for this week is "The Veteran's return." It is a care-worn and wounded soldier, met and welcomed by his children. Much of this number, also, is from the racy pen of Mr. Willis himself.

**THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S BOOK.**—This is the title of an English magazine, which Mr. Joseph Mason purposes to reprint at an exceedingly cheap rate. We are not acquainted with the original work, but having the greatest confidence in Mr. Mason's tact and judgment, we have no doubt that he will equally confer and receive benefit by the undertaking. It will be commenced with the July number.

### Fine Arts.

#### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

[Concluded.]

221. Island of Capri, Bay of Naples; by A. B. Durand, N. A. This celebrated retreat of the emperor Tiberius, is happily seized by the artist; the island itself is in fine relief; the waves have a truly liquid expression, which is heightened by the effect produced by tipping some of them here and there with the reflected light of the setting sun.

223. Shepherd Boy of the Campagna; by D. Huntington, N. A. The countenance of this figure is very Italian in expression and complexion, and the repose is well wrought out.

247. The Avenue; by V. G. Audubon, A. The banks of the Thames, or of rivers in Europe, frequently present a view like this. It represents a landing-place, a boat is at the stairs, and groups of figures are represented as about to embark. From the stairs a long and straight avenue retreats into background, the trees on each side being of magnificent growth. This is a fine picture.

249. Last interview between Harvey Birch and Washington; by A. B. Durand, N. A. We consider this to be the gem of the collection. Not on account of superior brilliancy to the eye, but for the force of truth with which it tells the story of the subject. Washington is represented as rather within the middle age; there is a mild, benevolent, firmness in his aspect; whilst Birch is depicted thin, spare, with sunken cheek and melancholy yet resolved countenance, as one who had endured much, yet constant to endure; his foot is on a purse of money to which he points with his finger, and his looks speak higher objects than sordid gain. All the accessory parts of this fine picture are in excellent keeping with the main incident, and the artist deserves immortal praise for his manner of handling the subject.

259. Two miniature portraits; by T. S. Cummings, N. A. Miniature and Cummings always go together with us. This gentleman is the very prince of his department in art, and these are very sufficient proofs of his skill.

279. The Light of the Light-house; (from a poem by Epes Sargent, Esq.) by J. G. Chapman, N. A. The subject of this tasteful design is a young girl on a prominent and dangerous point of rock with a torch in her hand; the waves are dashing around her, her yellow hair is streaming in the wind, and her feet are naked. This is a sweet little bit of art.

280. Landscape, with Grecian ruins; by W. Bayley. The lights and shades in this, which is a composition picture, are well thrown in; the foliage and filling in of the foreground are executed in a masterly manner, the style is warm, the sky clear, but the ruins are too numerous.

290 to 294 inclusive. Sketches from nature; by R. Gignoux. All these are single touch effects; they denote a bold as well as an experienced artist.

296. Portrait of C. F. Hoffman, Esq.; by C. G. Thompson. An excellent and spirited likeness of a gentleman, deservedly high in the walks of literature.

303. Yevlin Bridge, near Bride; by G. Pine. This is a very clever attractive production; the Gothic Bridge, the ivy, the cottages, the lowing cattle, are so beautifully combined as to make a very charming scene.

311. A Pencil drawing,—View in Guernsey; by a young lady. The young lady deserves the praise which would be offered to an old artist. The pencil is boldly handled and the touches of French chalk are well thrown in.

320. The Rose of the Alhambra, a bust from life; by R. E. Laintz, N. A. A charming specimen of the sculptor's art, and would be "beautiful exceedingly," were it not that the rose is a little too *retroussé*.

330. View of the Catskill Falls; by J. Smillie, A. A fine specimen of water colours, done with all the most minute effects of an *aqua tinta*; the lights are scratched out.

334. The arrival of Dugald Dalgetty at Darnlinveroch Castle; by T. F. Hoppins. This is "an original drawing in pen and ink;" it is bold, expressive, and correct, and tells the story of that humorist's ambassadorial character capitally. The grouping is full and imaginative.

330. View of Quebec; by R. Hinshelwood. This may be characterised in much the same terms as No. 330.

348. Portrait of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; by G. Freeman. The features, as well as we can remember, are faithful, but the complexion is too florid, and the expression too youthful for the white hair and whiskers.

350. Miniature portrait of the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes; by Mrs. Bogardus, A. A very faithful portrait of the right reverend prelate in his ecclesiastical robes.

**MR. DEMPSTER and the Misses CUMMING**, have the honour to announce, that they will unite in giving a

#### VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT

at the Society Library Rooms, corner of Leonard and Broadway, on Tuesday evening next, May 30th, consisting of a choice selection of their most popular

#### SONGS, BALLADS, AND DUETS,

including "Lizzy Lindsay," "Crazy Jane," "Bonnie Annie Lawrie," "The American Emigrant's Farewell," Duets, "My Ain Fireside," "Birks of Aberfeldy," &c., &c., "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," "The Lonely Auld Wife," "I'm with you once again," "Blind Boy," "John Anderson my Jo," and other Melodies not hitherto introduced.

Tickets 50 cents, with programmes containing the words of the new and less familiar songs, with critical and historical notices, may be had at the Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of the entertainment. To commence at 8 o'clock. May 27-It.

**J. M. TRIMBLE**, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-Jm.\*



## WASHINGTON!

We are happy to announce that a magnificent full-length

### PORTRAIT OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON,

has been for several weeks in hand and will shortly be completed. The plate represents the illustrious subject as in the attitude of a speaker, and is full of expression. The style of the engraving is a recent and highly effective combination of line, stipple, and mezzotint, which gives uncommon softness and delicacy to the *tout ensemble*, and we fully expect that it will be pronounced a perfect gem of the artist from whose *burin* it will proceed. That so splendid a subject, upon so large a scale (viz., twenty-four inches by sixteen) may be every way worthy of public acceptance, the utmost pains and enquiry have been taken in the selection of an engraver. It will be ready in the course of a very few months.

From the very great expense incurred in producing this splendid engraving—by far the largest and most superb that has ever been issued from a Newspaper office—it is obvious that it can only be presented to such subscribers as shall pay one year's subscription in advance.

\* \* Our Portrait in *Mezzotint* of King Louis PHILIPPE, which was issued last week to Subscribers, has given the most unqualified satisfaction. A few copies of this fine plate are still for sale at this office on reasonable terms.

N.B.—Postmasters in the United States are by law permitted to forward subscriptions for Newspapers, free of expense.

### American Summary.

ANOTHER MILLIONAIRE GONE.—Peter Lorillard, esq. died on Tuesday morning, at his residence in Westchester, in the 80th year of his age. Mr Lorillard has ranked for many years among the wealthiest of our citizens.

THE RAVEL CORPS have arrived from Havana. There is a rumor that they will be engaged at the Park.

Mrs. Sigourney has received, from the Queen of the French, a diamond bracelet of great value and beauty.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.—From information which we yesterday received, we are enabled to announce that President Tyler, with several members of the cabinet—including the Secretary of Treasury and Postmaster General, with their families—intend to be in Philadelphia on the 10th and 11th of June next (Saturday and Sunday,)—will arrive in this city on the 12th and leave on the evening of the 14th, for Boston. This is the present plan.

From the N. O. Bulletin, 11th inst.

### VICTORY OF THE YUCATAN PATRIOTS!—SURRENDER OF THE MEXICAN INVADERS!!

By the schooner Sarah Ann Jane, Capt. Coffin, which arrived from Sisal last evening, we have received the latest news from Campeachy and Merida. The Mexican force of 2000 men, which advanced on the latter town with a view to its capture, has been discomfited by the patriotic Yucatecos, and has surrendered at discretion.

The brave but mild victors permitted the invaders to depart without their arms for their own country, if they would do so shortly, otherwise they were to be held and treated rigorously as prisoners of war.

The Independent of the 25th ult., justly remarks that the laurels which the Dictator of Mexico hoped to win in Yucatan, have faded as prematurely as those he gained at St. Jacinto. At Merida, after the enemy had surrendered, there were balls and suppers, ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and every demonstration of rejoicing that was indicated by John Adams after the declaration of our independence. It was believed, that there being no vessels at Telchack to convey the Mexicans out of the country, they would be conducted to the interior as prisoners of war.

The Yucatan troops at Telchack, it seems, have captured the Lieutenant and part of the crew of the steamer Montezuma, who went on shore for water; leaving that vessel with scarcely able bodied men enough to navigate her.

The following are the substantial articles of the capitulation of the assailants of Merida:—

Don Jose Antonio Duarte, first Lieutenant of Cavalry, and Don Estevan Paulada, Capt. of the local battalion No. 16, commissioned on the part of the Commander-in-Chief of the Yucatan army, and the Colonels and Lieut.-Cols. Don N. De la Portilla and Don Juan Banerili, on the part of the General-in-Chief of the Mexican forces, assembled in the town of Tixpenal, for the purpose of concluding terms of capitulation, agree upon the following articles:—

ARTICLE I. The Mexican division in the town of Tixpenal, under the command of Gen. Barragan, shall evacuate the State of Yucatan on the following conditions:—

ART. II. They shall take up the line of march to-morrow morning, the whole leaving their arms except two platoons of infantry, and move for the town of Conkal, from whence they shall proceed to Telchack, whence they will embark for Tampico within the peremptory space of eight days, in the vessels of the nation that brought them thither.

ART. III. The general officers of the Mexican division agree to inform their government in a frank manner of the political unanimity prevailing in Yucatan, as ascertained by them from actual observation, and apart from private interest.

ART. IV. Any necessary assistance which this division may require, will be given to it by the people on the road, as it shall pass along; it being distinctly understood that they pay all the expenses they incur from their military chest.

ART. V. The Chief of the Division may remain here, on account of wounds, or for any other cause, and be nursed at the hospital, the Mexican Government defraying the expenses.

ART. VI. For the double purpose of expediting the advance of the troops, and consolidating the peace of the country, all the cannon, with the equipments, shall be conveyed to Merida by the Yucatan volunteers, to remain subject to the order of the Mexican Government, after the present war shall be terminated. Two hours are agreed upon for the ratification of these articles of capitulation.

YUCATAN.—Commodore Moore's brush with the Mexican Steamers.—An extra of the New Orleans Tropic, of the 14th inst., (Sunday) contains Commodore Moore's official report of the action between the Texian squadron, (sloop of war Austin and brig Wharton,) and the Mexican steamers Guadalupe, 4

guns, and Montezuma, 7 guns, on Sunday, the 30th ult., off Lerma, on the coast of Yucatan, which appears have been a sort of draw game.

The Captain of the Montezuma and 11 men were killed. But one shot struck the Wharton, which killed two men and wounded four.

### LATER FROM CHINA.

By the ship *Ann M'Kim*, Capt. Vassier, which sailed from China on the 15th of February, we have papers to the 11th of the same month.

We learn verbally that all was quiet at Canton and vicinity. The U. States frigate Constellation was still in Canton river.

MACAO, Feb. 11.—It is reported, and we believe on good authority, that a very numerous deputation of the people of Canton and its vicinity waited on the Imperial Commissioner Elepo to urge him to expel the English from Canton altogether. The deputation consisting chiefly of respectable people and men of influence, is said to have met with a kind reception from the Imperial Commissioner. An edict from the Governor of Canton, commenting in harsh terms upon the acts of the English in general, and of H. M. Plenipotentiary in particular, is also said to have been published in Canton, and this time the document is believed to be authentic, and not forged, as many former papers purporting to emanate from the same authority, undoubtedly were.

H. E. Sir Henry Pottinger returned in the steamer Akbar from Hong Kong on Sunday last.

According to the advices from Canton of 1st inst., Admiral Sir Peter Parker was to leave that island on that day, probably on a visit to the intermediate ports of Fuh-chow-foo and Amoy, as it is not expected His Excellency will visit Hong before the return of Major Malcolm with the ratification of the Treaty.

Accounts from Manila to January 22d, state that on the day previous, a portion of the 3d battalion of the line quartered at Malate mutinied, and attempted to get possession of the fort of Santiago. They were, however, successfully resisted and finally put down by the faithful portion of the troops,—several being killed on both sides. Two Captains and two Lieutenants were killed by the mutineers—one Captain and one Lieutenant wounded. A number of the mutineers were killed by the explosion of a powder magazine.

Sir Henry Pottinger had written a letter to the British merchants, requesting information to aid him in adjusting the new Tariff. In reply the merchants say, that the abolition of the Consol charges must be effected, and state "that Consol charges to an extent nearly sufficient in a single season to pay the balance actually due the British Government, still continue to be levied by the Hong merchants according to former practice, and that the existing regulations of the Port of Canton preclude our carrying on business except with that body."

They also inquire whether, in the event of new debts being incurred by the Hong merchants to the foreigners, it is understood that the Government still continues to guarantee the payment in case of need, and whether such responsibility will continue in force until the new system of Trade be declared to be in force.

To this Sir H. Pottinger replied: I have hitherto considered that by the payment of £3,000,000 the Government of China absolves itself from all past and prospective responsibility as to insolvent or bankrupt Hong, and that any balances due by those Hong which shall continue solvent to the end of the present system will have in the event of disputes to be recovered by the usual legal process, through the medium of Her Majesty's Consul at Canton.

I cannot at all consider that the Consol charges are solely levied to meet such claims, but I admit that there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, and I shall now bring the matter to the special notice of the Imperial Commissioner, and also submit it for the consideration and commands of Her Majesty's Government.

In the meantime it is, I feel, almost superfluous for me to recommend that no sort of increased or perspective speculations, likely to cause balances, should be entered into at this moment."

This looks very little like a peaceful and satisfactory termination of a treaty.

Piracy has greatly increased, and to such an extent, that Sir Henry Pottinger offers to co-operate with the Chinese authorities to suppress it, and as British ships of war, or vessels rigged in the European style, are sure to alarm the Pirate Boats and enable them to escape, he is willing to fit out vessels of the build and rig of China, the moment a plan of proceeding is fixed upon, and hopes, that even the most desperate characters would not long venture to show themselves against the combined efforts of the two Governments.

### PROSPECTUS

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